

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXV. No. 1670.

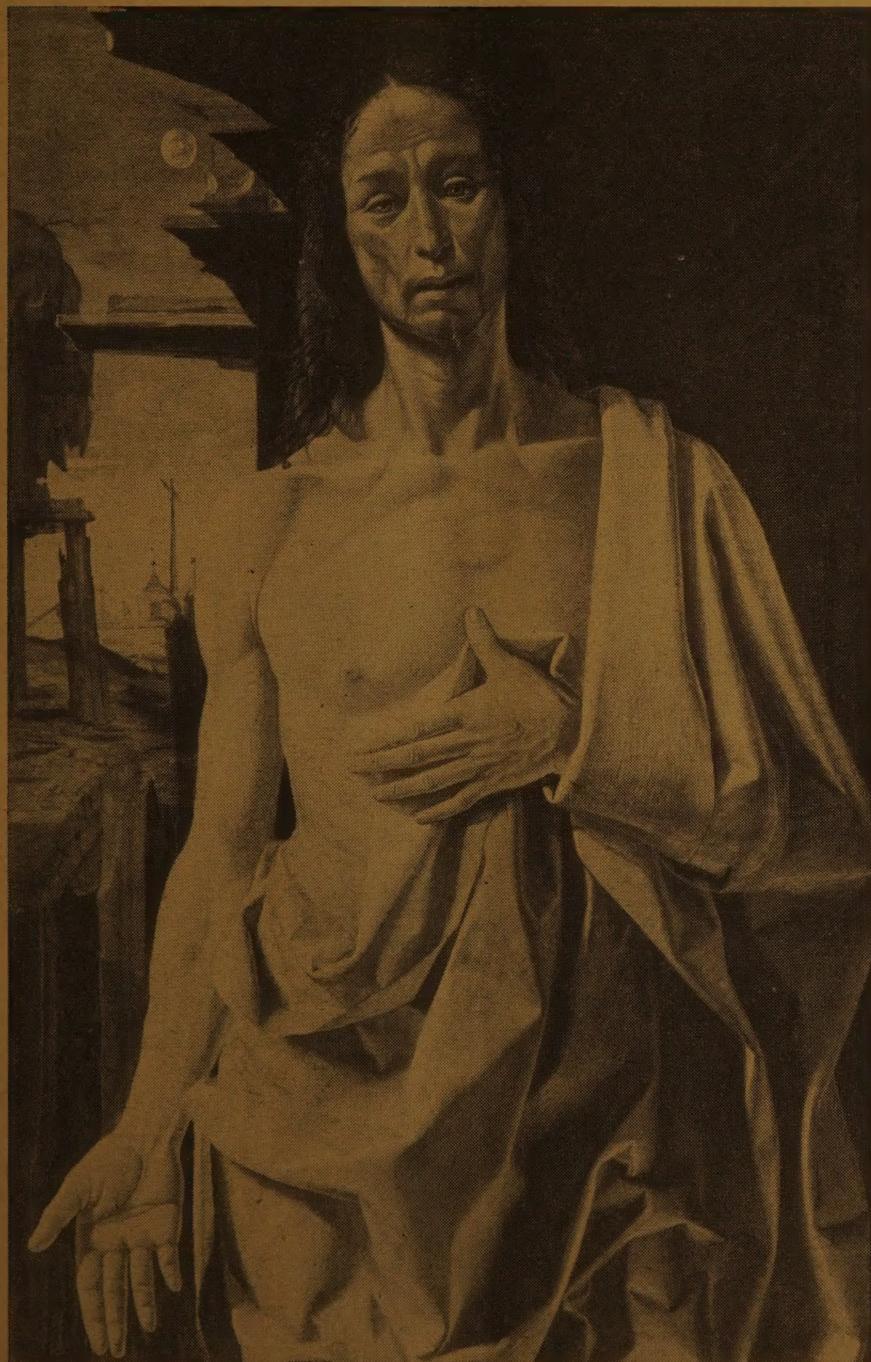
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The Chinese and the Russians

By Klaus Mehnert

A Good Friday in Japan

By James Kirkup

The Political Revolution in Victorian England

By G. Kitson Clark

Could Life Survive on Mars?

By Patrick Moore

The Silk Road to Samarkand

By Mir S. Khan

Recent American Poetry

By P. N. Furbank

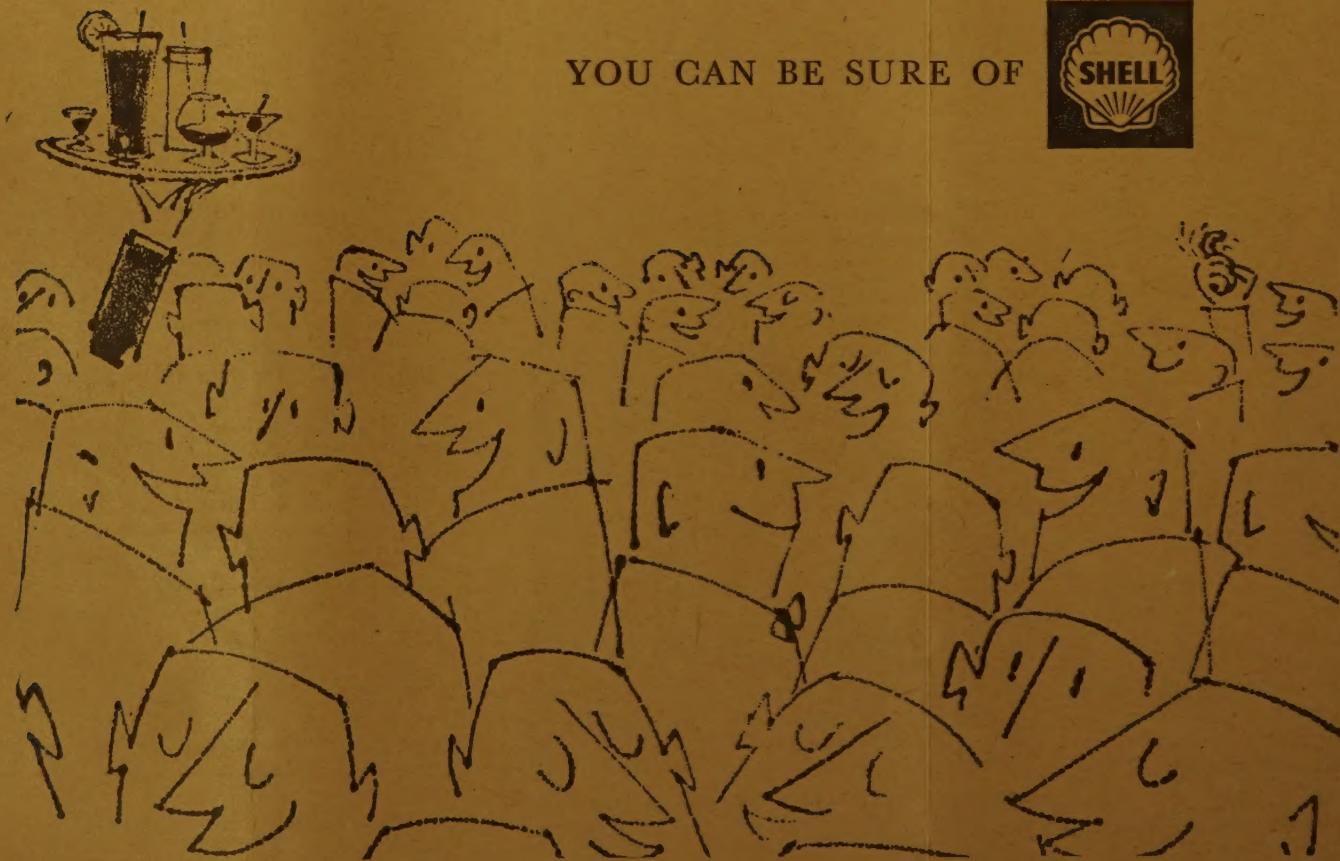
Fetch-and-carry cha cha cha

Tray held high with a score of orders.
Forehead heavy with mental calculations.
If you've ever watched a waiter
weaving across a crowded floor, you'll get an
idea of our transportation problems.

First our markets have wildly different
patterns of consumption. Then to complicate
matters, crude varies from oilfield to oilfield.
So our tankers dart about the world, picking
up a fantastic variety of products. And these have
to pass through shore tanks and refineries to all
sorts of inland carriers — the pipelines, the
road and rail tankers, the barges on the Rhine,
the tractor-drawn sledges in Finland.

The petrol that goes into your car might be made
from crudes from several fields. Another mixture
went into your daughter's toothbrush, yet another
into the bitumen road outside your house. If you
thought that moving oil was simple, please put on
a white jacket and try taking some orders.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1670

Thursday March 30 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Thinking about China

The Chinese and the Russians

By KLAUS MEHNERT

HAVING lived, off and on between 1929 and 1959, a total of about twelve years—rather evenly divided—in China and in the Soviet Union (mainly as a writer and journalist), thinking about China for me means thinking about China and the Soviet Union. This is a huge topic—Involving history, politics, and economics. But I want to confine myself here mainly to the human side of the subject. This is something which, in the vast literature on Sino-Soviet relations, has been least explored. Yet the future of Red China, of the Soviet Union, of their mutual relationship and of their relations with the rest of the world will be influenced to a large extent by the type of people living in the two Communist empires and by the response of these people to the actions and aims of their Communist leaders.

First, I want to make a tentative comparison between Soviet Man and Red China Man. Soviet Man, in the forty-three years that communism has ruled in Russia, has gone through a number of phases. In some ways these have corresponded to the phases in a person's life: the exuberance of early youth in the revolutionary period; the growing pains of adolescence; the doubts and struggles of a man in his twenties or thirties; and the growth to manhood which for the average human being is characterized by his ability to adjust himself to his surroundings, to take them for granted, to make the best of them.

This, it seems to me, is what has happened to Soviet Man since the Revolution of 1917. When I remember the young people whom I met thirty-two years ago in the Soviet Union (I was then a student on my first trip round the world) and when I compare

them with the young Soviet people of today, I find the difference remarkable. The young people of 1929 or 1930 were, for the most part, full of revolutionary enthusiasm, caring little about profession, position, or wealth, marching hither and thither according to the commands or necessities of the Revolution—the opposites of a bourgeois. The young Soviet citizens of today care very much about their professional prospects, about their status in society, their income. When they marry, and they do so early in life, they want to have a family and to enjoy it; they resent it if the husband is sent to one part of the Soviet Union and the wife to another, for they are anxious to have a home of their own.

The remarkable thing is that the Soviet government has found it advisable to pay attention to these attitudes and desires although some of them do not match the teaching of communism or the official emphasis on the development of heavy industry. During the last few years the government has spent, for example, billions and billions of roubles to build millions of flats, each for a single family and with its own front door—which locks. A recent novel by Daniil Granin, *After the Wedding*, praises in its first sentences the privacy of the newly-weds' home and particularly its walls which, he says, protect them like ramparts against unwelcome eyes. What a long way from those youth communes, which I saw in Moscow about 1930, where young married couples and their children all lived together, and where the commune assembly had its say in every matter down to the purchase of diapers or to the question whether a couple should have a baby or not.

It is not only material desires—a flat, better clothes, and better food, perhaps a house in the country and even a private auto-

mobile—that have grown from year to year; intellectual desires have grown, too. The Soviet Union has built one of the largest and most efficient educational systems the world has ever seen. Tens of millions of the Soviet citizens of today have gone through these schools and universities, acquiring there the habit and the taste for thinking. Soviet Man today is far less willing than he was ten or twenty years ago to accept unquestionably his leaders' opinions. 'We are a grown-up people now; we want to think for ourselves', I heard a young student in Moscow tell a teacher who was explaining the official point of view of the Soviet government on art; in a recent story by Nikolai Dubow, a young man who does not like to take responsibilities and rather prefers to do what others say is told by the girl Natasha: 'You live like a sheep'.

These, then, are some of the features which are characteristic of Soviet Man today. Perhaps I could simply have said: the Russians are Europeans and therefore forty-three years of communism have done to them what they would have done to any European people. But in 1917 nobody knew what forty-three years of communism would do to a European people and, in any case, there are those who would have hesitated to agree had I simply said that the Russians act and react like Europeans.

But how about the Red China Man? What is his reaction toward communism likely to be? We know far less about the Red China Man than about the Soviet Man. Not only that, but the Red China Man is only eleven years old and thus he has not yet had time to develop his characteristics. So we cannot ask: How did the Red China Man react to communism?, because he has not had enough time to react completely. All we can ask is: How is the Chinese likely to react, during the next decades, to the regime under which he has to live? To answer this question I want to refer briefly to some traditional Chinese attitudes towards private and public life.

It has long been said—and rightly—that for every Chinese the family is the most important institution, moulding him in his youth and holding him throughout his entire life to his grave. Indeed, in history there has been no more devoted family man. The very fact that the Chinese possess, so the sinologists tell us, 262 terms for family relatives of all kinds, shows the extraordinary importance they attach to the family.

Until a few years ago many Western observers believed that, because of this, communism could never triumph in China. When it did triumph, and with remarkable rapidity, and when, with equally remarkable thoroughness, it enforced its rule on the remotest village, a second look at the Chinese family became unavoidable. It was then found that in recent years the significance of the Chinese family system had been overrated; that the clan-type family—with a hundred relatives or more living under one

roof and under the patriarchal leadership of the grandfather—had been the exception rather than the rule and that, in general, the Chinese family had for decades been in a state of disintegration, because of the restlessness of the times (at least since the Taiping rebellion), the movements of population, and economic changes.

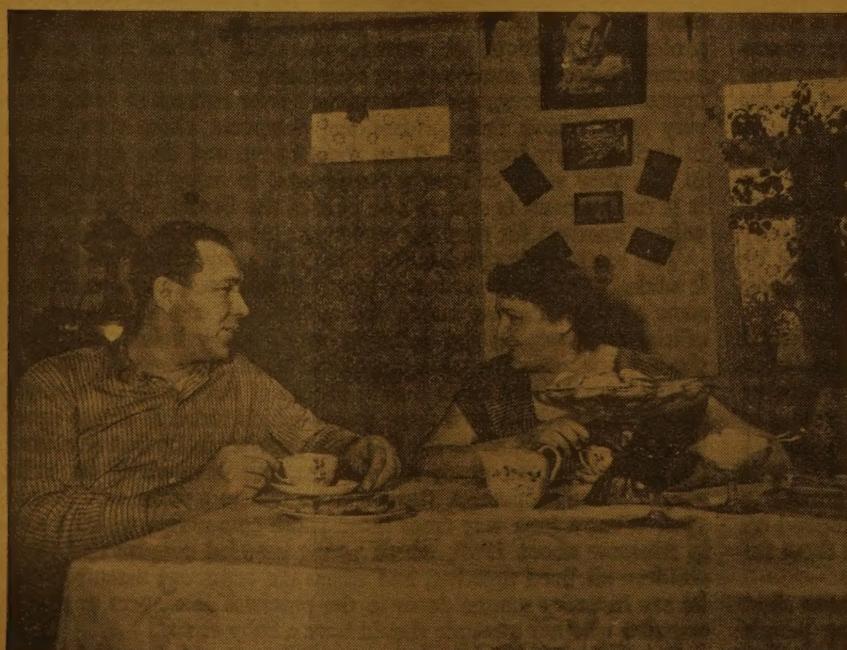
Today most people will agree that the Chinese family has not proved to be the expected bulwark against the Communist flood. In fact the importance of its relation to communism is reduced, more or less, to that of the family in Russia—in other words, the question is: how does the small-type family of China (in contrast to the clan-type family) react to the Communist onslaught? It seems to me safe to assume that, as in Russia, it will survive. The Russian family survived not only because it is a biological necessity to which the government had to reconcile itself but because of the innate desire of Russian parents to have a family and not just to breed children for the government. There is no reason to believe that Chinese parents are lacking in a similar desire. We may well witness still more experiments of the people's commune type, still more manipulations affecting the daily life of father, mother, and children; perhaps we shall observe for years to come the people's outward obedience to the demands of the state. As long as the government is willing or able to enforce its will, the outside world may think that the Chinese family is a thing of the past. But this is what thirty years ago people were saying about the Russian family too. Today they admit that they were wrong.

The Chinese way of thinking has always puzzled everybody who has lived among them. But there is one point on which most observers agree: Western thinking, and this includes Russian thinking, is far more analytical, logical, causal (that is, based on the assumption of cause and effect), than is the Chinese thinking. The Chinese are reluctant to break things up into their component parts, to rearrange them and then again to put them together, as is the habit of the Western mind. They take the world as a whole; they look at it as a harmoniously functioning universe; they are little bothered by the questions 'from where?' and 'where to?', which have been occupying Western men for so long. In particular, the Chinese traditionally do not like the purposeful type of thinking which is so characteristic of the West, including the Christian religion, the thinking which is always directed toward some aim, the thinking which sees man not *per se* but in connexion with his eternal destiny and which believes in progress, in development, in understandable universal laws, in science.

These ways of thought have been foreign to the Chinese mind. Yet this Western type of thinking is reflected not only in our present forms of Christianity, in our science and technology, but

also in Marxism and, I would add, in Marxism-Leninism. In fact Marxism-Leninism and the practices of Soviet communism in Russia under Stalin (as well as under Mr. Khrushchev) are nothing but extreme and deadly logical applications of the Western way of thought stripped of its religious and humanistic restraints. If Marxism-Leninism seems foreign to us although it is but an off-shoot from the tree of Western civilization, how much more foreign must it be to the Chinese who, to begin with, have little sympathy with the tree from which this shoot has come.

Yet that, unfortunately, is not the whole story. There is in the mind of the Chinese a down-to-earth quality, an acceptance of the material values and of life on this earth. These make them susceptible to ideologies which, like Marxism-Leninism, or, for that matter, Western pragmatism of the John Dewey variety, concentrate exclusively on life in this world. The distance from Confucius to Marx (or Mao) is infinite if we look at the Chinese sage's belief in the primacy of man as such, and in the harmonious and balanced relationship of men within the limits clearly set for them by their status in family and society. But the distance from Confucius to Marx and Mao dwindles if we consider the Chinese teacher's rationalism and his preoccupation with social questions.



A Russian couple drinking tea in their flat



A family in a Chinese commune

Ever since the first Europeans reached China there has been a controversy about whether the Chinese have a religion or not. This question depends, of course, on one's definition of the word religion. But what can safely be said is that Chinese beliefs (whether you call them religion or not) are very different from the religion of Russia as it existed officially under the Tsars and as it exists unofficially today. There is nothing comparable to it in China. Instead we find, as far as the intellectual élite is concerned, a highly rational, usually atheistic, outlook and, as far as the masses go, a rather vague mixture of the traditional Chinese belief in eternal harmony, of Taoism, Buddhism, and a good deal of still surviving demonology—but no church, no community services, no religious hierarchy with accepted leadership, no ten commandments, no catechism, no religious education for the young. I refer not to China under communism but to China before communism, to the China which the Communists took over and which they are trying to remould in their own image.

In the Soviet Union, Stalin suffered one of his severest defeats when, after decades of bitter persecution of Christianity, he had to come to terms with the church during the second world war. It is unthinkable that Mao would ever, even in a supreme emergency, consider making peace with what might be called the religious forces of China, simply because these are irrelevant. The absence of an organized religion in China, and the consequent absence of a determined religious opposition to materialism and to communism, has considerably increased the chances of the Communists' success.

In considering the factors which I have mentioned—family, forms of thought and religion—and others, such as the attitudes towards government, work, patriotism, property, my tentative conclusions are these: as long as Mao (or his successor) is following, more or less, the policies of Stalinism—as long as China, in other words, is still in her Stalinist age—the Chinese will react to communism, on the whole, not very differently from the way the Russians did under Stalin; they too will bend, obey, and suffer. Once China, after another decade or two, begins to enter an advanced stage of industrial civilization, similar to the one in the Soviet Union after the second world war, it will probably, like the Soviet Union, leave the Stalinist age and enter one which would more or less correspond to the Khrushchev era.

From that moment, many traditional characteristics will begin to reassert themselves in China as they have been doing in the Soviet Union during the last decade. Because of the difference between the Chinese and the Russian mind, the Chinese will

assimilate some features of communism more easily than the Russians. I would say that the family will surely survive in China as it did in Russia, that the rationalism of the Chinese (which is much greater than that of the Russians) will probably absorb the materialistic side of communism more readily, while the Chinese reluctance to believe in big aims justifying ugly means might lead to a certain relaxation of the Communist drive towards a millennium.

On a long-range view, I believe that the different reactions to communism of Soviet Man and of Red China Man is the most important factor in relations between China and the Soviet Union. But what about the relationship between the Red China Man and the Soviet Man—between Mr. Mao Tse-tung and Mr. Khrushchev? This is the immediate question. There is little doubt that considerable disagreements exist between Peking and Moscow, all of which relate to the pace at which each thinks the Communist revolution should be pursued. Mao wishes to push his people as quickly as possible through the most difficult and risky stages of early industrialization and for this he employs Stalinist

methods—and language; in some ways he even goes beyond Stalin, as, for example, when he forced 500,000,000 peasants into the people's communes.

To Mr. Khrushchev in charge of a far more mature economy this seems wrong and even stupid. He also regards Mao's warlike posturings as a threat to his policy, which is based on the belief in an automatic decline of the West and the victory of communism throughout the world without a third world war. In this Mr. Khrushchev appears to Mao at least to be dragging his feet and at most to be an outright traitor to the cause. But since both are aiming at a Communist world, a complete break between them is unlikely, for it would jeopardize the victory of communism as nothing else could.—*Third Programme*

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By Ian Nairn

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By C. V. Wedgwood

Liability for Unforeseeable

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The Secondary Modern School Today

By WILLIAM TAYLOR

WHEN secondary modern schools came into being in 1945 there was almost universal agreement that they must remain free from the cramping effects of large-scale external examinations, the sort of examinations that had so affected the work of the pre-1944 secondary schools. Yet, in 1959, nearly 16,000 boys and girls from secondary modern schools were entered for the General Certificate of Education and, early last year, an official committee reported in favour of setting up a national system of external examinations for use by these schools. During the period between the two world wars, when the future pattern of mass post-primary education was hammered out, it was generally agreed that the secondary modern school must be free from any marked vocational bias. Its work should be practical, but it should not be vocational. By 1961, it is probably true to suggest that a majority of secondary modern schools provide 'advanced', specialized, and extended courses of a more or less vocational character.

A Changed Concept

Our awareness of these contrasts between the ideals of 1945 and the practice of 1961 is perhaps lessened by our ability to forget all too quickly the fact that we ever held educational and social views that do not correspond to current practice. From a superficial consideration of much of the educational literature of today it might appear that the development of mass secondary education has taken place over the past fifteen years in terms of a smooth progression from the ideals and principles of the 1944 Education Act. As far as the secondary modern school is concerned this is far from being the case, and I want here to consider some of the factors that have made the current concept of secondary modern schooling so different from that of fifteen years ago.

In the first place, we need to take into account the climate of educational hopes and ideals characteristic of the first four decades of this century, a period during which the subsequent pattern of educational provision emerged. The 1902 Education Act established a system of state secondary schools with a broadly academic and bookish curriculum derived from that of the public schools. This enabled the products of these new secondary schools to compete, in some respects at least, with their public school counterparts, and helped to narrow the gap between state provided and privately provided education.

At the same time, however, this attempt to give status to the new secondary schools served to emphasize the distinction between the type of education available for the mass of the population in public elementary schools and that now obtainable by the élite, a distinction which the 'higher-grade' schools of the late nineteenth century had done something to blur. These higher-grade schools, charging low fees, and extending a welcome to children from a wide variety of social levels, had provided an education superior to that in the ordinary elementary schools and had in some places become rivals to the existing endowed secondary schools themselves. Legal action at the turn of the century showed that school boards were not empowered to provide such education out of the rates, and after the Education Act of 1902 many of the higher-grade schools either became municipal secondary schools or were renamed 'higher elementary'.

Forerunner of 'Eleven-plus'

Efforts were made during the next few years to create a system of these higher elementary schools, different in curriculum, function, and clientele from the secondary schools proper, and under regulations that would prohibit the upward strivings that had characterized the work of the higher-grade schools. The failure of these efforts emphasized that a clear distinction between mass and élite post-primary education was no longer acceptable in the changing social climate of the new century. Reforming voices

soon began to be raised in a demand for some form of secondary education to be open to all: in other words, for the provision of greater educational opportunities for the children of the underprivileged. The type of secondary education envisaged by these reformers was again of the academic type, and the setting up in 1907 of the 'free place system' for entry to grammar schools, the scholarship examination that was the precursor of our own 'eleven-plus', did something to satisfy these demands for the broadening of the ladder of opportunity and of social and occupational advancement.

The problem remained, however, of working out what should be taught, beyond the three r's, to the older children who were not at grammar schools, a problem made more acute during the following decades by the difficulty of reconciling ideas of equality and the provision of a liberal education with the realities of occupational and social stratification. While vocational courses in schools might be popular with the pupils and realistic in terms of these pupils' likely occupational future, such work was suspect to educationists and others on the grounds that it tended to fix a person's subsequent occupational and social status at far too early a stage. It is because of this that so many of the educational publications of the inter-war period seem to us now to have been so nebulous in their approach to social and economic needs—one example is the efforts that were made to distinguish a *practical* type of post-primary education from vocational courses as such. Psychological justifications were employed for the use of practical teaching as a *means* of general education, rather than as an end in itself. Wood and metal, chisel and lathe would serve the same function, so we were told, for the so-called 'practical' type of child in non-selective secondary schools as books and ideas for the 'academic' child in the grammar school.

Thought Divorced from Practical Problems

Educational thought, in fact, became increasingly divorced from the practical problems of schools and society. Expressions such as 'education for life'—the form and quality of which was usually left undefined—and terms such as 'integration', 'spontaneity', 'freedom', and 'development' served to screen off the harsh realities of occupational and social stratification, the extent of the wage and salary differentials that existed in the community at large, the contrasts in opportunity provided by post-primary schooling of different kinds. Together with this insulation of educational thought and ideals from the facts of social life there existed an unwarranted belief in the social autonomy of the educational system. Such a belief was not only characteristic of unofficial educational thinking, but was also evident in many of the early post-war policy statements and pamphlets of suggestions issued by the Ministry of Education. One of these pamphlets stated, for example, that teachers would be 'free to plan the curriculum of the school on *purely educational lines*, to provide their pupils with the best possible conditions for growing up, and to ensure that they leave school with interests thoroughly aroused and a determination to continue their education throughout their lives' (italics mine).

This notion that the curricula of schools are determined along 'purely educational lines', free from the influence of social change, economic need and the facts of differential occupational status, is an illusion. In fact, as the secondary modern schools soon found out, parity of esteem could not be gained by contracting out from the competitive-success system characteristic of post-war society. Exhorted to develop a different kind of excellence, secondary modern school teachers found that the criteria of excellence are determined by society, and not by the schools. Some parents, no longer able to buy a place at a grammar school, unwilling or unable to pay the high fees charged by the booming private and public schools, and only too well aware of the social

and occupational significance of 'failure' at eleven-plus, began to put pressure on the schools to provide some form of preparation for external examinations. Teachers became aware, both from personal experience and from the results of research investigations, of the deficiencies of the eleven-plus selection techniques. Their own educational background and training, itself strongly academic in character, predisposed them to see little value in the unexamined projects and centres of interest which formed part of what can be called the 'progressive' concept of mass secondary education, and with which they were urged to experiment.

Objective Yardsticks of Progress

There were other internal forces working against such 'progressive' change. The system of social control within most schools is essentially authoritarian, and is not conducive to the free group work in terms of which such curricula reform could express itself. The standards of individual behaviour which the authoritarian pattern requires are best secured by a fairly formal class-room atmosphere, by chalk and talk and question and answer routines in which the respective roles of teacher and pupil remain at all times clearly defined and unambiguous. Consciousness of these pressures led teachers to look for more concrete incentives than seemed to be offered by progressive methods, and to demand more objective yardsticks of progress and success in terms of which their work and that of their pupils could be evaluated.

For all these reasons, the practice of the secondary modern schools soon began to veer away from the liberal, non-vocational, non-examined, child-centred concept of mass secondary schooling which had been so thoroughly delineated during the inter-war years. More and more schools began to participate in external examinations, to contract in to the process of social and occupational advancement by means of education. You can call this the rat-race if you like. But that is to beg the question: It just happens to be the world we live in.

At the same time as the more able pupils began to be entered for external examinations, so the schools began to provide a variety of vocational courses for the less able. In this they were helped by the fact that the tripartite system of grammar, technical, and modern schools had never become a reality in most local authority areas. In particular, the lack of technical schools gave opportunities for courses of a technical nature to be provided by the secondary modern schools. Such advanced and specialized courses are now to be found in a large number of modern schools and include such varied titles as commerce, distributive trades and salesmanship, mechanical trades, clerical, agricultural, seamanship, pre-nursing, home maintenance, and building. Some of these titles are reminiscent of the type of American high school option which it has become rather fashionable to decry in this country, but, here as in the United States, care needs to be taken in drawing conclusions about the content of such courses from their titles: some are little more than new names for the old metalwork, woodwork, and domestic science.

A Growing Vocational Element

It remains, true, however, that a much stronger vocational element is found in the work of the modern schools today than was envisaged in the pre-war and early post-war concepts of secondary modern schooling. One reason for this has undoubtedly been that teachers have found that such vocational study 'works'—pupils are more interested, do work harder and behave better when they see the connexions between what they are doing in school and the world of work. But teachers could not have developed such courses if they were unacceptable to parents and society at large. The reasons that account for their acceptability are also those that explain the movement in favour of external examinations, and which make clear the essential dependence of educational reform upon social, economic, and technological change.

They can be summed up under three headings. First, there is what the Central Advisory Council for Education calls the 'need to be qualified'. Secondly, the past fifteen years have brought a levelling of reward differentia between people with different types of skill and training, and, with continued full employment, a much greater degree of security for skilled manual workers. Thirdly, the speeding up of technical change, the growth of new

industries and new types of employment, has served to blur the distinction between black-handed and white-collared, between profession and workshop, that dominated pre-war social and educational thought. The first of these factors—the need to be qualified—helps to account for the secondary modern school's interest in examination work. Paper qualifications are now demanded from a larger and larger number of young people, not simply for entry to the professions or clerical employment, but for apprenticeships and other skilled and semi-skilled work. The improvement in the status, rewards, and security of manual occupations, and the corresponding relative decline in the status of the lower-grade clerical worker, has meant that many of the old prejudices about vocational and technical education have disappeared.

In responding to these social, economic, and technical changes the secondary modern school has demonstrated the impossibility of determining educational ends and purposes without reference to the structure and needs of the society in which the schools exist. Recent official reports, particularly those of the Central Advisory Council for Education, on early leaving from grammar schools and the education of fifteen to eighteen year olds, have shown a much greater awareness of this fact than was characteristic of earlier statements, such as the Norwood Report and some of the early post-war Ministry of Education pamphlets. It is to be hoped that this trend towards greater social realism in educational thought will continue and be encouraged.

—Third Programme

Quem Quaeritis?

(poem for voices)

'Whom do you seek? No life is in this ground.
The napkin stained and linen clothes lie round.
Here is no fountain but a land of dearth
Where thorns forget the forehead they had crowned.'

Whom do you seek?

'What is pure gold or what are diamonds worth
To that first vision, men like trees on earth
Walking? For so He showed them first, and then
Opened my eyelids, who was blind from birth'.

Whom do you seek?

'In that clear stream I also was made clean.
Going from the priest, I turned, the last of ten,
To give God praise, being healed of leprosy,
Though He had warned me: Hide your praise from men'.

Whom do you seek?

'I was so hidden, my hand He could not see
When, in that press of people, on my knee
I touched His garment; yet my life was known.
That moment from affliction I went free'.

Whom do you seek?

'When, among graves, despairing I was thrown
By devils to the ground, I heard each stone
Echo His words, until the walls cried out:
Come out of him, and leave My son alone'.

Whom do you seek?

'He loosed my tongue. That power how could I doubt?
Though all denied Him, each would stay devout,
Had he been bound like me, both deaf and dumb,
Until those sudden fingers made me shout'.

Whom do you seek?

'They look for glory in day, and we in gloom.
We look for Him who has overcome the tomb.
By Him, by His first promise we are bound,
Whose narrow dwelling gives us greatest room'.

Whom do you seek?

VERNON WATKINS

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1961

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

A Bible for Easter

LAST November Christians in Britain witnessed the spectacle of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* becoming a best-seller overnight. Some regretted the fact, some rejoiced that any book should escape a ban that seemed unreasonable in a free society; but few can have expected that the next best-seller here would be a re-translation of the New Testament. Yet, such has been the case. Booksellers have already taken from the publishers 1,000,000 copies of the first part of the New English Bible; and in many shops in England the excited demand for the volume on March 14, the first day of publication, was comparable to that of last November for D. H. Lawrence's book.

The sales records created by this fresh version of the New Testament will surely appear to Christians to contain a reinvigorating message on the eve of the Easter festival. The sales must certainly have demonstrated how much all those ecclesiastical bodies, which since 1946 have devoted energy to the project, have been justified in their endeavour. Clearly there was a need which is only just beginning to be met, as more and more copies of this fresh New Testament are printed and distributed all over the world. The translators have succeeded in their aim of providing ordinary people with a scholarly version of what the original Greek New Testament contained in a kind of simple English which erects no barrier against them. This does not mean that a translation of great stature has been produced, and it is too early yet to say how many churchmen would like to see it supersede the Authorized Version of the New Testament of 1611 in familiar usage. Champions of this Authorized Version will continue to point out that it is written in much more musical English than the new translation, and claim that the peculiarly mystical quality of many of its most famous phrases can convey more adequately the veiled meaning of the Greek originals than any philologically precise rendering in modern English. They might also claim that the church-going public, although ignorant of translation values, is through a long apprenticeship at school or before the pulpit accustomed to interpreting the true Christian meaning behind such concepts of the Authorized Version as 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding' or 'Blessed are the poor in spirit'.

Yet, as the dust-jacket of the new publication says, 'The New English Bible is neither a revision of the Authorized Version nor intended to replace it'. One could perhaps add that it was not directed at those members of an older generation who know the language of the Authorized Version so well that they will defend it as stoutly as they have done in the last fortnight. Of course a case can be made out by opponents of the new translation that it is written in officialese by people who clearly know Greek: but do they know English? Yet, from the most broadly Christian point of view, whatever the merits of the new translation the prime result may well be to spread the teachings of Christ as never before. Propertius said that on the subject of love one verse of the minor Greek poet Mimnermus was worth more than all Homer. Eventually, supporters and opponents of the new translation alike may come to believe that in the matter of faith a new Bible bought and read is worth more than any number of old Bibles, beautifully written—but which in so many homes are locked away in a cupboard under the stairs.

What They Are Saying

Nuclear and other tests

THE INTERNATIONAL TENSION over Laos evoked widespread comment. Peking home service, quoting the *People's Daily*, said that

all peace-loving forces must rally together, firmly support the just patriotic struggle of the Laotian people, and make common efforts to bring about the convening of an enlarged Geneva conference so as to stop the new U.S. plot for expanding the Laotian war.

Moscow radio argued in many languages that it was the Soviet Union which supported 'the true neutrality of Laos' and the United States which was trying to destroy it.

Apparently the first communist reports on the British Note to Moscow (proposing a cease-fire, the recall of the Supervisory Commission, and an international conference) came from Poland, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany. A Polish radio commentator said that even now one could not be certain that the British proposals enjoyed general support in the West; what could not be overlooked was U.S. military action 'clearly designed to increase intervention'.

The West German newspaper *Die Welt* thought that the present dangerous situation in Laos was due originally to a mistake made by the Eisenhower Government. It went on to say that it was certainly the fault of the Soviet Union that this fire had not been extinguished long ago. In France *Le Monde* said that the British proposals would enable both sides to save face and so limit the damage; Laos was the test of Soviet intentions. Italy's *Il Corriere della Sera* took the view that President Kennedy had placed on the Soviet Union the responsibility of choosing between a peaceful, diplomatic solution and a hardening of the situation which would compel the United States and its allies to fulfil their obligations.

The *Washington Post* said that 'past American views about the neutrality of Laos may be open to some challenge, but Mr. Kennedy stated the present objective firmly, when he compared the status desired for Laos to that of Cambodia'. The *New York Herald-Tribune* thought Mr. Khrushchev must be aware that Mr. Kennedy was very much in earnest when he warned him of the dangers of an expanded war in South-East Asia. The newspaper went on:

If for the communists it is easier and cheaper to keep Pathet Lao afloat than for the United States and Seato to scuttle that piratical craft, it is also true that Seato and the United States can very greatly enlarge the bill which the communists must pay for triumph in Laos. Is it worth it to the Kremlin?

On the eve of the resumed Geneva conference for a ban on nuclear tests, Moscow foreign broadcasts noted 'with joy' that 'by the decision of the three atomic Powers, no atom bomb tests have taken place for the last three [sic] years'. The Soviet radio welcomed what it called 'reassuring statements' by American statesmen which gave 'grounds for a certain optimism' over the outcome of the talks.

After the publication of the new Anglo-American concessions over the number of inspections, the composition of the control organization and the moratorium on undetectable tests, the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* said that the Western proposals were not acceptable as a basis for negotiations. Without giving any details of the proposals, a Moscow radio commentator said that the West's 'present propaganda campaign' about them looked very much like 'psychological preparation for a torpedoing of the conference'.

The Greek communist radio, which calls itself the 'Voice of Truth' and broadcasts from behind the Iron Curtain, took Archbishop Makarios to task in a programme for Cyprus. The station complained that certain official actions and 'recent statements by Archbishop Makarios that the African peoples should have a greater share in the administration of British-occupied African territories, and that the Congo problem can be solved by a federal system of government', were not sufficiently 'anti-colonialist'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

THE LEAVEN IN LANDSEER

SPEAKING IN 'Comment' (Third Programme) about the exhibition of works by Sir Edwin Landseer at the Royal Academy ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN said: 'The world of Landseer was that of early and high Victorianism—high and rich. It was a world which was virtuous, hypocritical, cruel, snobbish, philistine, complacent. It was set against a backcloth of the heaviest, most upholstered of great mansions. To its flattery and its patronage Edwin Landseer, who should have known better, succumbed, almost completely.'

'That at least is how most people, looking back across a hundred years, now think of Landseer. And that is not all just the swing of the pendulum against a once-fashionable artist. We, in our time, have dug up and dissected almost every other figure of the nineteenth century and have found them, if not great, at least curious. Even so we hardly expect or hope to find in Landseer the beauty or precision that we really do find in, say, his Georgian forebears: Landseer's dogs, with their lolling tongues and bloody chaps, can never have the elegance, the sheer beauty, of Stubbs's horses; nor, on the other hand, shall we ever find in Landseer any of that intense mystical romanticism that we can still find in the pre-Raphaelites who succeeded him.'

'No, Landseer with his rich and smug patrons, all commissioning him to paint their well-bred hounds, their dead stags, their bleeding pheasants, and their angelic children, would seem on the face of it to have little to offer us—nothing save a certain technical proficiency in painting glossy hair, and a certain facetious sentimentality. And yet, oddly and unexpectedly, I enjoyed the Landseer exhibition. For one thing it was a treasure hunt with the treasures well buried. I have just said that Landseer, on the face of it, would seem to have little to offer us; and if the eminent Victorian they buried in St. Paul's was the only Landseer, that would be true. Was there not, however, another Landseer struggling always to escape from the body of the great Academician, if seldom succeeding? I think so.'

'High Victorianism was a mortal disease. It afflicted artists of many kinds. A close analogy with Landseer is Millais—the boy-prodigy of the Academy Schools, brilliant young Pre-Raphaelite rebel, giving us the sunlit meadows of "The Blind Girl", only to decline into social success, into fashionable portraits, into "Bubbles" and "Cherry Ripe".

Landseer's case was a little different: he too was the boy-prodigy; he drew his beastly dogs when he was ten, drew them very well, and went on drawing them for sixty years; nevertheless, like most prodigies, he lacked neither the skilled hand nor the major vision. What he did lack was the courage

to sustain the vision. It was the vision which enabled him, just now and again, to give us the really impressive portrait, the unalloyed landscape.

'Surrendering to the enchantments of high society and hard



From the exhibition of works by Sir Edwin Landseer at the Royal Academy: Queen Victoria with the Prince of Wales (left) and the Princess Royal, a detail from 'Queen Victoria sketching at Loch Laggan' (1847)—

Lent by H.M. the Queen

cash—he left £250,000—Landseer wasted his talents abominably. The eminent and heavy Victorian is not a myth, as some people are now suggesting. He is a reality. The leaven in the lump is there; but it is very small.

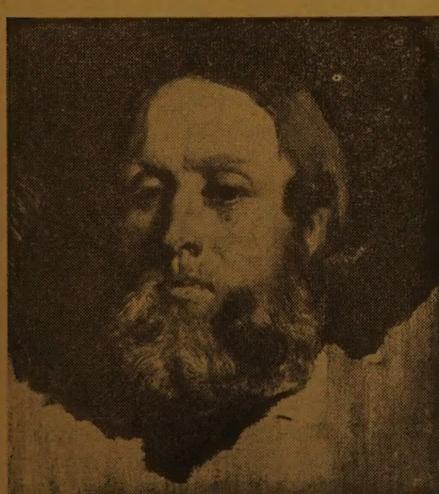
'If, however, you would be merciful rather than just; kind rather than censorious; if, above all, you would enjoy this exhibition, then look for the leaven. Forget all about "The Monarch of the Glen", forget "Dignity and Impudence"; above all, forget "Chevy Chase". Look for the leaven.'

'Among the 175 items in the catalogue are half a dozen small landscapes, half a dozen portraits, and a score of drawings that really do justify Landseer's time on earth. There are also the little sketches and caricatures, intimate, amusing and spontaneous, of his friends. There are the strong chalk drawings of the be-whiskered heads of the gillies and gamekeepers at Balmoral, also a red-bearded gamekeeper of the Duchess of Bedford at Woburn—all rather impressive. There is the tiny cloudscape of Loch Avon. And then there is the superb, the supreme little lake scene which has been borrowed from the Tate. What a marvellous painter was lost to us in Edwin Landseer!'

FROM FRIARY TO REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

A new registrar's office, opened in Bristol earlier this month, is a refreshing change from the government school of architecture one expects in such buildings. It was originally the home of the Black Friars of Bristol, and since then the city guilds have used the building and it has been a Friends' Meeting House. BRENDA HAMILTON described it in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The first marriage to take place in this new registrar's office' she said, 'was not the first wedding ceremony witnessed by these ancient walls. William Penn, the Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania, was married here in 1696 when Quaker Friars was used as a Friends' Meeting House. At that time, Quaker Friars stood in peace among orchards and meadows by the banks of the River Frome. Today, it stands in the heart of Bristol's new shopping

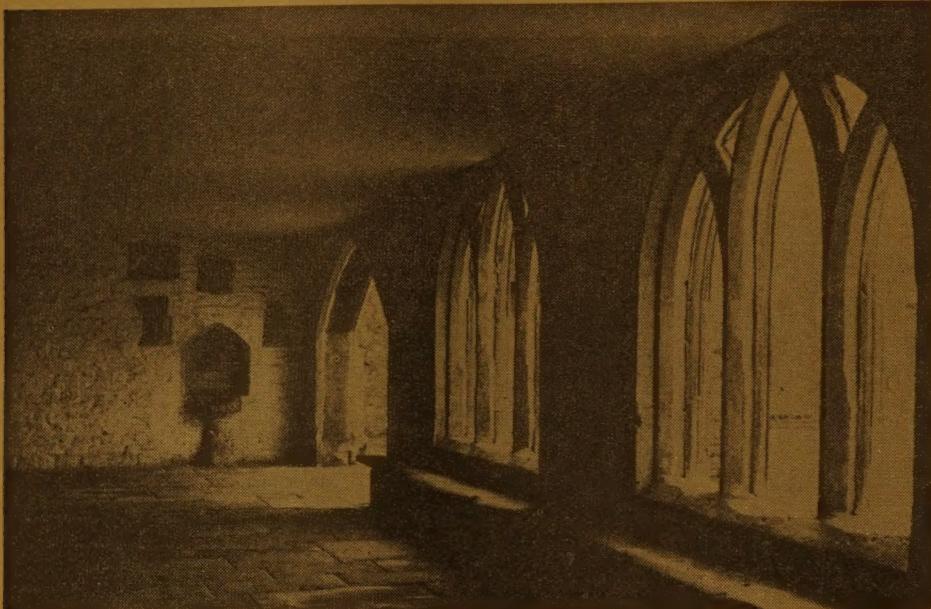


—and 'The Duchess of Bedford's Gamekeeper' (1843)

Lent by A. N. L. Munby, Esq.

centre, in a little courtyard hidden behind huge new blocks of offices and shops. In such surroundings it was a shock suddenly to find this lovely little building.

'The front of the building is eighteenth century; it has all been restored and refaced, and inside the main hall the pillars and gallery, with little winding stairways, typical of the period, have been preserved. Here people will come to register births,



Cloisters of the thirteenth-century Quaker Friars building in Bristol

Reece Winstone

deaths, and marriages, in six small private offices built on each side of the hall. All administration of this kind in Bristol will now be concentrated here.

'Behind this eighteenth-century façade lie parts of the thirteenth-century friary, almost in their original state. They are known now as the Bakers' Hall and the Cutlers' Hall because, for many years, they were used by these city guilds. Originally they were the monks' dormitory and warming room, where the monks were allowed to gather at certain times to warm themselves by the fire. This room is now the marriage room. The strong room has been built into one of the old cloisters and here the original certificates for all births, marriages, and deaths in Bristol since 1837 will be safely stored in a dry, well-ventilated atmosphere, so important for the preservation of old documents'.

'OSS MUCKING

'If ever a man deserved to have the letters O.M. after his name, that man is me', said ALBERT BUTLER in 'Roundabout' (Light Programme). 'But with a difference: my letters would have a new and special significance, standing not for the Order of Merit, but for 'Oss Mucker. In my day I would have taken some whacking.'

'When I was a boy, the streets and roads of our little Cotswold town were nicely dappled with horse manure, and its regular collection was our hobby and delight. My brother and I lived close to some happy and profitable hunting grounds. Many four-footed friends passed our way. With truck and shovel, we followed in their wake, collecting the highway harvest, and working until all was safely gathered in.'

'Evidently we could be quite gallant now and then; for my youngest sister recalled the other day how, when she was a tiny tot, we let her ride home on the top of the load. No queen in her fine carriage was ever more comfortable or better pleased. If you could see my sister today, as she trips sedately down Kensington High Street, with her governessy, "keep-your-distance-sir" air, you would never dream that her finest hour was spent enthroned upon a load of 'oss muck.'

'We loved the job, but it wasn't all honey. There was a fly in the ointment, which vexed and annoyed us. The trouble came from certain women in the town; the old 'uns were the worst. Some of 'em, I remember, used to wear a cloth cap, just like

a man. Did they think that the wearing of a cap gave them the same highway rights as we real menfolk? It was a perfect scandal. Almost every day, as we went to and from school, we had the mortifying experience of seeing some of the best stuff in the parish being whisked away before our very eyes. Without a word of a lie, I've seen 'em (not content with bucket and shovel) but taking a broom or a hand-brush to it. What made it so much worse was that these highwaywomen didn't use the stuff on the garden proper, or on the allotments, but merely spread it around their gillyflowers and pinks'.

WHEN ROOKS DISAGREE

'It is at about this time', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today' (Home Service), 'that the rook's character undergoes a change. Normally, these birds get on very well together, but at nesting time they regard each other with the utmost suspicion. And not without reason: if a pair of rooks leave their nest unattended even for a moment, it is not at all unlikely that a neighbour will nip in smartly and remove some of the sticks for his own use. That is why it is the usual practice for one bird to stay and guard the nest while the other does the fetching and carrying.'

'Elms are favourite trees for rookeries, and the fact that the elm has a reputation for treachery, in that it may shed its branches without the slightest warning, often leads to the question whether the rooks themselves are ever caught out, and if not, why not. They rarely are, and the reason appears to be that their acute sensitivity to vibrations enables them to detect the "feel" of an unsound tree the moment they perch on it.'

'Life in a rookery often displays some remarkably human touches. Take this little incident: a large ash tree had, for some reason or other, been completely avoided as a nesting place, but one day a number of rooks arrived, and settling themselves on the branches, they appeared to indulge in an earnest discussion, under the chairmanship of what looked like the oldest member of the party.'

'Eventually the meeting was adjourned, but the birds came back a little later, and talked the matter over again. It was just as if they were a building committee which had been detailed to inspect the suitability of a new site. At last, a decision was reached, and a pair of rooks was allowed to move in and start building. The nest rapidly took shape, and when it was completed, back came the committee to see that it conformed to the required standards. Obviously all was well, because, soon afterwards, eggs were laid, and in due course the youngsters arrived.'

'All seemed to be domestic bliss until, one morning, the committee turned up again. This time, there followed the most frightful row, the resident family protesting, and the committee shouting them down. But officialdom, as usual, won the day, and other rooks were then summoned to demolish the nest until not a twig remained.'

'What went wrong? Only the rooks themselves know the real answer, but it is possible that this pair had been found guilty of committing some crime against the community, because demolishing the nest is one of the known ways by which offenders in a rookery are punished for their misdemeanours'.



A Good Friday in Japan

By JAMES KIRKUP

APRIIL 15, 1960. It is Good Friday in the northern provincial city of Sendai. It had been a night of violent wind. I slept on and off until about 5 a.m., kept awake partly by the storm and partly by my anxiety not to oversleep, for I had a very early appointment.

In England, it is still Thursday evening: at about 6.45 a.m. here today it will be, or rather *was*, 9.45 p.m. on Thursday in Bristol. That is when my Passion Play begins to be televised from Bristol Cathedral. It lasts two hours, until 8.45 a.m. here in Sendai; that will be, *was*, *is* 11.45 p.m. on Thursday in Bristol.

Morning after the Storm

I got up at 6 a.m. from my bed laid on the sedge-matted floor of my house. At that very moment, the wind abruptly stopped. One minute the whole house was groaning and creaking and shaking, the paper screens and the sliding windows clattering; the next moment all was still. A brilliant sun was out in a calm sky, and the birds on the dwarf pines, the persimmon, fig, maple and apricot trees in my garden were squirting out jets of half-alarm song, as if they didn't know what to make of this miraculous change in the weather.

I made some green tea and sat beside my stone brazier where a few lumps of charcoal were glowing, and sipped the pale, clear infusion very slowly from a small white-and-blue porcelain cup. About 6.15 a.m. I left the house, carrying a stick of incense I had brought from the Temple of the Great Buddha at Nara and a pebble from my garden. Scores of tiny newsboys in their scuffed white track-shoes and shabby black school uniforms and peaked caps were dashing about on bikes delivering great swatches of newspapers. Dogs were blinking contentedly outside the gates of inns. There were many empty taxis rushing about, raising whirling clouds of dust. A few workmen with white towels knotted round their heads were strolling or cycling to work. Old ladies in dark kimonos and white aprons were dusting, and apprentices were sleepily opening the shutters of shops, scattering ladlesful of water to lay the dust on the road, sweeping, yawning, stretching.

Turning the corner into the busy street where the Sengakuin Buddhist Temple stands, I saw great rafts of fresh cherry-blossom round the *torii* or giant Shinto arch that stands at the bottom of the worn, lantern-flanked stone steps leading up to a shrine. Last night's typhoon-like wind had not deflowered the trees. There was another spontaneous spread of pink behind some black cryptomerias, but it was not blossom, only a new roof of cherry-pink colour. Easter in England is cherry-blossom-viewing time in Japan. It is also the time of Buddha's birthday, which falls on April 8.

The level-crossing outside the gates is tranquil at this early hour as I enter the temple garden. Sun is casting the twisty shadow of the ancient, well-propred pine-tree across the white paper screens of the living quarters; the leaning shadow is displayed like a well-balanced composition on a long, pale-gold, many-panelled screen.

The Young Priest

The young priest comes out of the sliding doors that lead to his little kitchen and vegetable-patch. He has to do all kinds of jobs, so he is wearing, instead of his austere ceremonial robes, an old shirt, faded jeans, gumboots, and a round cloth sun-hat, like any ordinary Japanese workman. But the straightness of his look, his quietness, his eager, unforced smile: these are the marks of a Zen Buddhist priest. He carries a rough broom, home-made, a rag, and a wooden pail of cold water. He sweeps and washes a step, then pauses to look at a blossoming pink plum-tree. 'Ume',

he smiles, indicating the tree. 'Plum', I answer, and he repeats the word: 'Prum'. In front of the stone Buddha, there is a circular bush with little clusters of pale mauve flowers, very sweet-smelling. He tells me the name, but I don't know what it is in English.

I don't tell him why I am here, and he asks no questions, for I am often in his garden very early in the morning, sometimes before even he is out of bed. We stand beside each other, enjoying the warm sun, saying only an occasional word. He invites me in for a cup of green tea and some sweet cakes made of bean paste. We sit cross-legged at his low table in the plain little room, admiring a single branch of thickly-flowered cherry that spreads sideways from a black bowl. He, too, keeps a journal. He takes an ink-stick, and, pouring a little water in a hollow ink-block, grinds the day's first ink. He puts a point on a brush by placing the tip between his lips, and then, in elegant, bold black characters that run from top to bottom of the mulberry-paper page, he ceremoniously enters the date, the time, the weather, my name and a brief account of my visit.

We come out into the garden again, and he asks if I would like to see the sanctuary. While he goes inside to open the screens, I add my own pebble to the hundreds already piled on and around the Buddha: there is even one on top of his head. I try to push the incense-stick into a pad of moss just below his broad-thumbed hands, but it falls down. I hear the priest's straw-slipped feet shuffling behind the screens and put the incense-stick back in my pocket. He opens the screens and places two straw slippers or *geta* on the steps for me, but I can't get them on, my feet are too big; so I enter in my stocking feet, with a hole in each toe.

In the Sanctuary

Inside the sanctuary I admire once more the dim, metal lotuses, the gilded Buddha in a cave of gold and some low red-lacquer reading-desks on the sedge-matted floor. The priest lights two candles at the shrine, for illumination rather than for worship. We stand and gaze, silently. Then he opens two paper screens on the inner courtyard and the fish-pond, which he says is full of fish; as I watch, a brown-grey carp rises to the surface and descends again.

I leave the sanctuary. We smile, bow, say *sayonara*. When he has closed the screens behind him, I put the incense-stick before the stone Buddha; lighted, the incense sends a thin bracelet of grey smoke round the Buddha's hands that lie quietly open in his lap. The perfect indifference of the face is comforting and reassuring, dependable, beyond love, beyond fear. I think of the play, of the great Cathedral in Bristol crowded with all the modern paraphernalia of television that will bring this medieval act of faith before millions of watchers, and make a wish for the actors, for all who are helping to produce the story of this mysterious murder.

It is 6.45 a.m. by my watch; perhaps, if I have not miscalculated, the play is starting now. It gives me an odd feeling of participation to think of the Crucifixion while standing in front of the Buddha in this Japanese temple garden. At this moment, Christ and Buddha are one and indivisible, and there is no separation in space or time, for I am with the play in England, and it is here with me.

The stone Buddha neither smiles nor weeps. He gazes towards me with a pleasing mixture of tenderness and irony. The half-lowered, tilting lids give him the air of someone who is successfully concealing a huge joke; yet the smile is also almost one of disdain. It is a fine indifference. How did some obscure and humble craftsman centuries ago manage to give so much depth and variety of expression to such simple lines?

I pause at the temple gates to catch a last glimpse of the Buddha among the trees. Out of the leaves and blossoms comes a lingering whiff of incense, like a message.

Back in my house again, at 8.15 a.m. I made some fresh green tea. As I sipped it, suddenly the wind started again, rattling the bamboo fence with angry gusts, and an ugly darkness spread over

the sky. Far away in England, but here also, and everywhere, in a Now beyond the divisions of earthly time, the play is moving towards its appalling tragedy. And to the Resurrection.

The last of Professor H. D. Lewis's talks on 'Religion and Mystery'—'Buddha and God'—will be published in THE LISTENER next week.

The Making of Victorian England

G. KITSON CLARK considers the political revolution

IBELIEVE that those historians who neglect the religious revival in Victorian England neglect about a third of what is significant in its history, and, as a matter of fact, they also reject what at the least coloured much of the remaining two-thirds. Victorian society became steeped in religion and religiosity. There were, of course, those who rejected Christianity, or sat to it lightly. There was what Cardinal Newman called 'polished ungodliness' in London and the 'bad imitations' of it which he rebuked in the provinces. There were the serious agnostics in intellectual circles, and among the small shopkeepers and intelligent artisans there were the followers of Holyoake and Bradlaugh. These, however, were probably relatively small minorities. Behind, in the shadows, there was a larger mass, many of whom seem to have known no more of Christianity than a jumble of garbled holy names and words used in swearing.

In many cases Christianity provided even the most mundane Victorian with both the focus and the background of his life. It provided him with all that he had of philosophy, with his ethics and his cosmology, at least until impious scientists laid heavy hands on the first chapters of Genesis. It even coloured much that he read and saw for his pleasure: the sensational novels and the melodramas of the whole reign revelled in Christian sentiments; religious pictures became the favourite subjects for oleographic reproduction and were likely to stare at him continually from bedroom or parlour wall. Small wonder that religious clichés often decorated secular appeals and religious institutions provided the most convenient rallying points for what we would consider purely secular campaigns.

This impregnation with religion had its disagreeable side. It

helped towards that ignorant self-righteousness which Matthew Arnold discovered in his Philistines and it played its part in establishing that Victorian prudery and self-conscious respectability which so many people have attacked. There is justice in both accusations. At its best Victorian religion ranged above these things; at its second best it did not; and in most ages ideals are normally to be confronted at their second best. However, something may be urged in defence. If, as Matthew Arnold asserted, the English middle class had shut themselves into the narrow room of Puritanism and turned the key, it is also as well to remember what opportunities they had had and what stalked the sordid streets outside those closed doors. They were not much frequented by the angels of sweetness and light. In most places in England at the time you would meet that promiscuity and drunkenness which made observers believe that the streets in London were the worst in Europe. But contemporaries who lived with these things on their doorstep knew them as we do not. They knew well how easy it was for a working-class or lower-middle-class family to be sucked back into those depths; they knew, for instance, as few of us do, the absolute devastation that could be caused by strong drink. In the face of such dangers they would hardly be blamed if they invested themselves in the heavy armour of respectability and fenced themselves with ring upon ring of taboos. It was unfortunate if those defences also kept out the suggestions of charity or of common sense.

It is possible, therefore, that this hysterical respectability was a necessary stage in the moral evolution of society; but the evolution of society in Victorian England was not only moral, it was social. Classes that had been submerged, or at best subordinated, were gaining in wealth and self-confidence and naturally claiming a more independent and more respected place in the community. This movement also adopted religious forms. The conflict between Church and Dissent was, at least in part, the expression of a conflict between classes. To many men the privileges of the Church of England were the same as the other traditional privileges which they found to be blocking their road.

A hole in this wall had been made by the repeal in 1828 of the law which had kept Dissenters out of office in the corporate towns, and four years later by the first Reform Bill. But the breach was not so large or so practicable as many had hoped. Certainly it did not admit many Dissenters, most of whose remaining grievances the first reformed Parliaments left unredressed. In 1837 it was felt that the time was come for a renewed assault.

The point chosen for concentrated attack was the laws imposing protection on corn, and the instrument



'The husband, in a state of furious drunkenness, kills his wife with the instrument of all their misery'

One of a series of eight drawings by George Cruikshank, entitled 'The Bottle', published in 1847

forged for the purpose was that remarkable organization, the Anti-Corn Law League. This campaign against the Corn Laws is extremely interesting. It has three aspects. It was a particular attack on a particular economic grievance which was bitterly felt at that moment. It was conceived as an attack by the middle class on the privileges of the aristocracy. In the view of the League the Corn Laws were maintained by the aristocracy against the interests of all the rest of the country, including the farmers, in order to keep up their rents. This was not, I think, true; but they believed it and made others believe it, and that is after all what matters. The attack was also cast in a religious form. Cobden, when he chose the Corn Laws as the key point for Radical attack, believed that the chances of success would be best if, as he said, 'a moral and even a religious spirit' were 'infused into that topic'. Therefore he consciously modelled his campaign on the anti-slavery crusade; he managed to persuade men who had been prominent in that crusade to enter the services of the Anti-Corn Law League; and in 1841 he assembled 700 ministers of religion together and got them to declare that the Corn Law was 'opposed to the law of God, Anti-Scriptural and Anti-Christian'. It is significant that so shrewd a judge as Cobden should think that this was the proper line of emotional assault.

Cobden was successful; the Corn Laws were repealed in 1846; but the victory is deceptive. The wall of the citadel of privilege had not this time been breached; all that had happened was that an outwork had been abandoned as useless and dangerous. It seems exceedingly unlikely that the Corn Laws would have been repealed at that time if the Conservative Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, had not convinced himself that the repeal of the Corn Laws was necessary for the country and would not harm agriculture. For twenty years after repeal it looked as if he had been right. For twenty more years the country gentlemen from their shires and the Whig noblemen from the Cabinet, with minor accessions from the safer members of other classes, continued to govern England. They had managed to hold on to most of their power and they basked in the sun of the Victorian afternoon enjoying their comforts and their privileges. They hunted and shot and they played in politics the old game of Whig and Tory which did not carry within it the promise of rapid political change.

Indeed, in the Victorian mixture one important ingredient is conservatism. The Queen's reign was not only a period of rapid and revolutionary change; it was also a period of lingering and sometimes surprising survivals; and these are important because they often mean that the final results of a change are different from what its first promoters hoped that they would be. Of these survivals perhaps nothing is more surprising than the fact that twenty years after the repeal of the Corn Laws Walter Bagehot could still describe England as having a 'deferential' electorate. Yet on closer inspection these things are not so surprising after all. The power of the aristocracy was massive and deeply rooted in the soil of England. It was founded on great hereditary wealth and on carefully preserved electoral influence. It was the more formidable because it was used with a realism derived from long political experience. The aristocracy could make what appeared to be notable concessions, as they had done over parliamentary reform in 1832 and over the Corn Laws in 1846, and yet all the

time they could contrive to retain the reality of power.

Then perhaps the real question is not: why did the dominion of the aristocracy last so long, but why and when did it come to an end? The beginning of the end seems to be about the time of the Second Reform Bill of 1867. That bill was in reality an imperfect instrument of change. Its general effect was not enough to account for the great changes which took place in party politics in the years that followed.

For the causes of those changes it is necessary to look beneath the surface play of politics at what was going on in the body of the nation. There, all through this Indian summer of the old regime, the blind force of the industrial revolution had been at work producing wealth. Some of this increase in wealth had in fact come into the hands of the aristocracy. Agriculture had remained prosperous and, what with royalties from mines, house rents from crowded cities, the exploitation of their land to produce ports or watering places, many of the great estates had participated fully. It is also clear that at least in the eighteen-sixties there was prosperity among the lesser gentry as well. Nevertheless wealth had gone elsewhere. It had created other very rich men; it had

percolated down through the reaches a section of the working classes. The relative importance in the country of the nobility and gentry was shrinking, just as the area of the true countryside was actually and physically shrinking. Cities were spreading out into the countryside, mines and railways were pushing fingers of industrialism into areas that had been completely rural, and in many ways districts over which the old influences had prevailed were suffering from urban intrusions which no Act of Parliament could prevent.

As people get wealthier they get more independent, and in the end they will develop their own institutions and claim for themselves a more important position in the state. This can, I think, be seen in what was happening to the working classes. In the middle of the century there had apparently been something of a gap in the stratification of society. In the middle of the scale there had been the group which is normally called the lower middle class—shopkeepers, clerks, and the like: associated with them were the most highly skilled workmen who formed the trade unions based on a particular craft which at that moment were the only effective unions; some way beneath them in terms of monetary rewards and economic security was the large mass of unskilled or partly skilled labour who could not afford to create trade unions.

In the course of years this gap began to fill up. Various industries began to increase in size and prosperity, metal-workers, railwaymen, miners. They recruited many of their workmen from the mass of agricultural labourers or the Irish, and paid them better wages than they had ever received. Thus was created what was in effect a new working class, self-conscious, relatively though not extravagantly prosperous, and in a position to stand up for its own rights. A symptom of what was happening was the development of large trade unions or amalgamations of trade unions—first the engineers, then the carpenters, then the miners and railway servants and the agricultural workers. In the end the logical result of this regrouping of classes was the formation of the Labour Party.



COBDEN, THE FREE TRADE PROSPERO

A scene from 'The Tempest'. Adapted to 1846
*'But this rough magic
 I here abjure: . . .
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my — newspaper.'*

(solemn music)

Cartoon by John Leech on the repeal of the Corn Laws

By permission of 'Punch'

But even more of the new wealth was being deposited higher up the social pyramid; it accumulated in the various layers of the middle class and in the professional and employing class above them. It would not be easy to say how far this was reflected in the new strength and belligerency of nonconformity in these days, but certainly in the eighteen-sixties nonconformity went into attack. In Wales, nonconformist ministers played a large part in the revolt of the Welsh against the English-speaking landlords and the English-speaking established Church. In England they were active in the elections of 1868, and much rejoiced at the number of members returned who were either nonconformists or at least pledged to disestablish the State Church. In fact they became over-confident and over-played their hand; they could not get Mr. Gladstone to disestablish the Church of England or to adopt their views on education, so they turned against him and then found to their horror that they had allowed the Tories to gain power in 1874. The setback was, however, only temporary. The social and economic developments in the country were working for liberalism. They can be seen at their task in the rapid extension of the National Liberal Federation which represents not only the forces behind liberalism in the country but also the desire of people who had recently achieved wealth to secure their rightful place in the Liberal Party itself.

In 1876 the Dissenters were largely reconciled to Mr. Gladstone by his explosive zeal for righteousness in the agitation against the Turks, and in 1880 all swept to victory together. Indeed in 1880 something very significant happened: the Tory monopoly of the counties began to break down; farmers and labourers also were showing independence. They made demands the Tories could not satisfy, and after 1874 the prosperity of agriculture began to disappear. As a result in 1880 Liberals began to win county elections. In the following years they improved their position. They granted the legal reforms the farmers demanded; they enfranchised the labourers; and in the election of 1885, in the county divisions, they achieved their reward.

It might well have been thought that this was the last chapter of a very old story; that if part of the peculiar mixture of Vic-

torianism was the survival of the old aristocratic classes, here the mixture alters, for their power came to an end. But it did not do so, partly for a reason which is worth pondering over. If the increase of wealth adds to the force of the people who want change it also adds to the number of people who fear it. The Tories lost their old dominion but they gained new supporters; in fact the last years of the reign are a period of Conservative power, not only—not, I think, mainly—because of the Liberal split over Ireland, but also because the Conservatives gained in the suburbs what they lost in the shires.

It was a process that went forward into the next century. In fact, nearly all these processes went forward into the next century. The blind forces of the industrial revolution and the increase in population are much more potent now outside Britain than within its bounds. There has also been the continuous grouping and regrouping of classes in front of which party politicians play their interesting game and there has been the continual increase of the power of the coercive social service state, which is the residuary legatee of everyman's enthusiasms. What has perhaps disappeared is the religiosity and the taboos and conventions of Victorian England. Early in the twentieth century they became indeed the conventional objects of satire and have remained so ever since. In fact, I believe that for many people a rather distorted picture of these conventions and taboos typifies and explains Victorian England. It is thought that this supplies a picture of what Victorian England was like. But indeed it does not. The satire tells you nothing. It is by now normally so remote from the original as to be pure fantasy. But it never was a very determined attempt to tell the truth, much less to understand it. Even the spotlight of the historian will tell you singularly little. Victorian England cannot be recalled by you or by me. It was a wide and varied landscape upon which the sun has by now gone down for ever.—*Third Programme*

This is the last of Dr. Kitson Clark's three talks based on his Ford Lectures to Oxford University. In the first and second talks (THE LISTENER March 16 and 23) he discussed the impersonal agents, and the spiritual and intellectual agents, which influenced Victorian England.

The Greeks

The Future of Classical Scholarship

By JOHN BOARDMAN, M. I. FINLEY, and HUGH LLOYD-JONES
Chairman: SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

Sir Mortimer Wheeler: What remains for us to discover about the ancient Greeks? Is there a risk of mere repetition? For instance, do we need to go on publishing new editions and new translations of the Greek dramatists?

Hugh Lloyd-Jones: I certainly think we do, for two reasons: one is that we are always acquiring new material, the other is that we are always coming to look on the material we have from a shifting point of view. We have new material presented to us by the occasional discovery of new manuscripts, the publication of new inscriptions, and, above all, by the publication of papyri preserved in the sands of the Egyptian desert, which have yielded us for some seventy years now an ever-increasing mass not only of documents bearing on history, law, and social life, but also of literary texts. Then, as scholars study the texts that we have had all along, they occasionally make new critical discoveries, which had eluded their predecessors, about the old material. Then a constant stream of information is pouring in to us linguists from other allied disciplines. The author of a commentary on, let us say, a Greek tragedy has to be able to make use of the results of philology, history of religion, philosophy, history, and archaeology, where they may help to illustrate the material which he is explaining. But it is not only a question of new material; just as new translations are demanded by each succeeding generation, just as what was an excellent translation for the purposes of the late Victorian age is no longer quite what is demanded by the modern public, so we need commentaries that explain the

ancient texts from new points of view. New questions are asked; as the climate of opinion and ideas is changing, new requirements are made of us to which we must adapt ourselves.

Wheeler: Do we need new histories of the Greek achievement? Must we be for ever rewriting Greek history against our contemporary background?

M. I. Finley: I think we must, all the time. When we study an ancient period it is not a matter of a great many facts lying around which we pick up, and once we have picked them up we put them in a book, and thereafter there they remain. A historian has to deal with facts. If I want to write a history of the Peloponnesian War I have to get the dates of the war right, and know who fought in it and, if I can, how big the armies were, and so forth; and, by and large, those facts were already known in the nineteenth century. But it seems to me this is not the purpose of history nor what its interest is. I do not think we ever know the past. It has gone. I think what we try to do is understand the past, and if one tries to understand how the Greeks lived in the fifth century, and how they fought, and why they fought or why they did not fight, or why they had slaves and what they thought about slaves, then the problem is not so much of assembling isolated facts, dates, and numbers, it is rather one of putting them together. It seems to me we can only put them together according to the kinds of questions we ask about them, and the kinds of questions we ask must be the kinds that come up out of our own experience: I do not believe one can ever

ask questions out of somebody else's experience, so to speak. It is a constant reorientation. I should say that if we never got another piece of information about the Greeks, we would still have to go on rewriting their history, simply because we would go on asking different kinds of questions about them. But, in addition to this—and this simply intensifies the need—we are getting new information all the time: some of it in the form of actual documents—a new inscription turns up which says that there was a decree of the Athenian people to this, that, and the other effect—and, in addition to documents, there is the constant and large mass of information which is not in words but in objects.

Wheeler: Mr. Boardman, as an archaeologist, what is your contribution to this?

The Archaeologist's Function

John Boardman: I agree; and I think, too, that one of the classical archaeologist's main functions is to provide the raw material for the historian to help him to look afresh at things which he has hitherto studied perhaps largely from textual evidence, the evidence of ancient historians sometimes fortuitously preserved. It is not his only task, but it is the one which occupies, perhaps, the most attention of the practising archaeologist (or the field archaeologist) nowadays, and I think some of the most useful work in classical archaeology is being done in this very field. Much in particular has been done since the war: much, for instance, on the study of the earliest evidence for occupation of new sites by Greeks outside Greece itself; and we obtain a most interesting insight from a study of the material remains the Greeks left in these foreign places, in particular of the way the great formative period of classical Greece in the seventh and sixth century was almost dominated by the impact of older cultures of the east and of the south, of Egypt: the way the Greeks reacted to these foreign contacts, the way they adapted what they learnt, the way they turned it into something which became what we know as classical Greece and classical Greek culture. This is only a part of the archaeologist's work, because the raw archaeological material with which one has to deal has also the possibility of being classified as a work of art. This is sometimes inhibiting. It becomes more difficult to treat an extremely fine red-figure vase simply as evidence for Greek trade or the settling of a Greek family on some foreign coast, when that vase itself is so exquisite, the painter recognizable, the subject of it perhaps of such absorbing interest for many other classical studies: for Greek theatre, for Greek history, for Greek religion. Nevertheless, one has to treat it as an archaeological object still, though recognizing it as a work of art.

Wheeler: You are distinguishing, Boardman, between what one may call the pure archaeologist and, shall we say bluntly, the treasure hunter? I am afraid that many people still regard the archaeologist as a sort of treasure hunter: in Greek archaeology it is easy to support that by referring to the treasures found by Schliemann at Mycenae, or to the treasures in the Grave Circle discovered outside Mycenae in 1951, or to the recent accidental discovery of sculpture at the Piraeus. You archaeologists are not primarily after that sort of thing, are you?

Boardman: Not primarily, although we are pleased when it turns up; and I think even that fine discovery of bronze statues in the Piraeus has its technical interest also. The way the bronzes were made, the history of that part of the Piraeus where they were found; this all arises from a piece of what might otherwise appear simply treasure hunting.

Who Were the Greeks?

Wheeler: A question one is often asked in this sort of context is, 'Who were the Greeks?'

Finley: If you ask me 'Who were the Greeks in a biological sense?', then I would have to say that the Greeks who interest me—whether it is Pericles or Socrates or a shopkeeper in the Agora—were biologically such a composite and such a mixture that it really does not make much difference whether you isolate one or another element. This man would have been partly Greek, having come down from the north somewhere; he would have had

elements of whatever the various pre-Greek populations were, which we do not know; and if you go into a later period he is likely to have in his ancestry a Scythian; Thracian, or Paphlagonian slave, or all three of them. If you ask me 'Who were the Greeks?' in the sense of 'Who were the people we have been talking about?' then I would say that they were a people who began to develop a society in the period about which we know very little indeed, which we have been calling the Dark Age; and who began to emerge in the eighth century—first, presumably, with the Homeric poems and then in various ways in the fields of art, and ultimately in philosophy and in science. Much has been said in this series about the originality of the Greeks. Speaking of art, the first point made by Professor Martin Robertson* was that if you look at the archaic Greek statues you will see for the first time the beginning of a kind of human art that the world—at least the Western world—had never seen before. Both in philosophy and in science the same thing was stressed. Greek political organization was a completely original institution. No one would pretend that Greek tragedy was inherited from Hittites, Mycenaeans, Phoenicians, or whatever. And therefore my answer to the question of 'Who were the Greeks?' is that if you mean who were they in terms of being an important subject for discussion, they were the people who first came to light, for us, in the geometric vases; in some of the sites being excavated in Asia Minor; and in *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. I would not go fifty years earlier than that.

The Mycenaean Script

Wheeler: In that case, Finley, you are throwing overboard the most exciting discovery of modern times: the interpretation of the Mycenaean script, which is alleged and generally accepted to represent Greek. And that was four or five centuries earlier than the initial date you are now giving.

Finley: Perhaps I should say, in view of the public controversy, that I do believe these tablets can be read, up to a point, and that the language is Greek; but that I do not believe that they can be read nearly as well as some of the more enthusiastic readers of these tablets think. But everything that one has read in them points to a world which (apart from one point, that the language is a kind of funny Greek) is altogether unlike anything we know again in the whole of Greek history. In so far as it has parallels we find them not in the Greek world but in the world of the ancient Near East; and this should not have surprised anybody, because the archaeological discoveries which were well known and the art are both in the same sense a different kind of world.

Boardman: It is certainly true that the general, call it archaeological, complexion of the Greeks of the eighth and seventh centuries is different from that of the Greeks in the thirteenth and twelfth centuries. Nevertheless, one had to admit that, if one looks at the evidence of what is found at the beginning of the Dark Ages, continuity can be traced: continuity in the sort of things they used—the shapes of the vases they used, a certain continuity in the sort of decoration and art forms they used. Whether one can explain this as certain continuity of population is another matter, though it is probable. Certainly, though, something fairly profound came over the Greeks during the Dark Ages to produce this new culture, which seems to be running on completely different lines from the way in which the Mycenaean world was developing, even under the impact for instance of Minoan Crete.

Wheeler: Boardman, both you and Finley have referred to this Dark Age—these four missing centuries between, I suppose, roughly 1200 B.C. and 800 B.C. I do not much believe in Dark Ages myself. We used to have one in this country, but gradually it is being lighted up. What is being done at the present moment about the Greek Dark Age—these missing four centuries before Homer?

Boardman: Most that is being done so far is work on finds which can obviously be set somewhere within these four centuries; work, generally, on finds from graves. Here, I think, one has to mention the work which obviously has yet still to be done. It is most important that a good settlement site—houses, temples,

and the like—belonging to these centuries between 1200 and the eighth century should be found and properly excavated. So far the evidence from tombs gives us a clear sequence of styles and some sort of picture of culture; but really no more than that. What we need is much more evidence about the way people were living, where they were living; and we could do with much more absolute evidence about chronology too, because there is no single absolute fixed point in Greek archaeology between 1200 and the middle of the eighth century.

Finley: This term Dark Age is not a reflection on the people who lived in the period; this is not a Dark Age in the now discredited way in which the Middle Ages used to be called the Dark Ages—dull and dismal and uninteresting. It is dark simply in terms of our knowledge; it is our darkness. But I think that one should not exaggerate how much even now we know, or forget how much a generation ago we did not know at all; the previous period was much better known, and the period from 800 on was much better known, and the gap in between was indeed large. It is, in my opinion, the most important single job for the archaeologist in the immediate future in the whole ancient field. And the archaeologists have been doing, in a quiet and unsensational way, an important job. My own belief is that, in the absence of documentation, there is an inherent limit beyond which archaeology can never go. I do not think that either you or John Boardman would disagree with this: that, lacking texts, one is badly restricted when one comes to discuss the thinking of these people, or even—except in the most general terms—their social organization. In that sense it will be somewhat darker always, I suspect, than other periods; but I should certainly agree that it is much less dark now than it was, say, twenty-five years ago.

Wheeler: Lloyd-Jones, would you look forward a little and say in what directions you would think work should be concentrated? For instance, in this work being done in Nubia at the present time in connexion with the salvage work of the area to be flooded when the new Aswan dam is completed in two years time. Does that come into your picture?

Papyri from Egypt

Lloyd-Jones: Very much so, because of the fertilizing influence which has been exerted by the supply of papyri coming in from Egypt, preserved by the sand of the desert. Many famous sites have been thoroughly combed, nothing is left there, but still peasants who are digging in the desert find papyri and sell them. Only a short time ago the discovery of an almost complete play of Menander astonished the world; and it seems to me that before the works of irrigation in Egypt go further, and flood huge areas of the desert, we ought to consider carefully whether there is not a hope of discovering more sites, from which we could recover papyri.

Wheeler: Various nations have sent out expeditions to deal with specific problems, but I have not so far heard that the possibility of discovering papyri has been in the forefront of their minds.

Finley: Apart from literary texts, which are very important, the papyri from Egypt turn out a large number of private documents of all kinds, which have opened up the Hellenistic period for us. But unfortunately these documents are virtually useless for people who want to spend more of their time on Classical Greece.

Wheeler: Boardman, as an archaeologist, can you tell us what is being done in Greece itself at the present time, and what you think should be done in the foreseeable future?

Boardman: In the prehistoric field much has been done recently to fill in the picture of Minoan and mainland cultures before 1200 B.C. What we want now is much more detailed evidence about the relationship between those cultures, and I think a rather more exciting mainland site is required to do this. One wishes particularly that Thebes could be opened up. Then there is the Dark Age, and the need for finding settlements of these centuries. Later on, in the archaic period of the eighth, seventh, sixth centuries, the period of Greek expansion and colonization, much has been done already, particularly in recent years in the exploration of, for instance, the early Greek sites in

Asia Minor. What now needs to be done is perhaps more study on the mainland of Greece itself. There are a number of very important cities which have been long neglected—Megara, Sicyon, Chalcis—great names in ancient history, about which we know hardly anything in their early period, the seventh and sixth century, the period in which they were making their impact both on each other and outside the Greek world. We want to know much more, too, about ordinary settlements, ordinary folk, domestic architecture in the rest of the High Classical period. We know so much about the fifth century from many other angles; we know hardly anything about how the ordinary people lived.

Work on Classical Texts

Lloyd-Jones: An enormous amount of work remains to be done on classical texts. These texts were handed down for centuries by being copied manually by one scribe after another. In the course of that transmission they have suffered much corruption; the work of restoring that corruption has to continue the whole time. In the case of many classical texts we have at least adequate editions; in the case of other texts, some of them of considerable importance, we still have inadequate ones. The whole subject of medicine, science, and technology in antiquity has been grossly neglected by classical scholars until a very recent time. Nothing like the entire works of the Hippocratic corpus, the most important body of medical writing surviving from the ancient world, exists in an adequate modern edition. There are numerous texts dealing with science, in particular with astronomy, which have not yet even been published.

But apart from the preparation of new texts and new commentaries, much new work can be done in the interpretation of the classical authors, asking new questions and surveying them from new angles. Our whole view of the religion of early Greece has changed entirely during the first half of the present century: in the old days it was roughly true to say that half the scholars concluded that because the religion of the early Greeks was not at all like what they understood to be religion, therefore the early Greeks had no religion; the other half unconsciously made out the religion of the early Greeks to be far more like modern religion—in particular Christianity—than it really was. In the last fifty years it has been realized more and more clearly that these people had a religion but that it was extremely unlike our own. Some evidence for the nature of that religion can be obtained from cult inscriptions and other documents of that kind, but the main evidence for the nature of early religion is in the great works of literature which must be carefully examined by scholars who are prepared, as far as possible, to suppress their own attitudes and points of view, and extract from the texts what is really in the text with the minimum of interpolation.

—From a discussion in Network Three

This is the last of the series of broadcasts on 'The Greeks': previous broadcasts were printed in THE LISTENER of January 26 and 19; February 2, 9, 16, and 23; and March 2, 9, and 16.

Leontes, Solus

I almost long for you to be as old
As longing for you will preserve you fair,
For love let loose in summer of your hair
Buzzes with anger, only after cold
Is still and beautiful, in the dull gold
Of amber. O that I might sing you there,
Moving my lips against the frosty air!
I do not think that tale can yet be told,
For as you toss your hair my heart must bow
To that sick organ which it would not own,
Questioning fancy why it should have grown
So independent of the body's good,
Why so ungrateful and immense, and how
It can continually cry for food.

JOHN FULLER

The Sky at Night

Could Life Survive on Mars?

By PATRICK MOORE

THE planet Mars has been prominent in the night sky all through the winter of 1960-1961, and is still conspicuous, though it is fading rapidly as it recedes from the Earth. At present it lies in the constellation of Gemini, and is about as bright as Betelgeux in Orion.

Mars has always been regarded as a possible abode of life. Clearly it is important to find out whether any terrestrial organisms could survive under Martian conditions, and in this connexion a series of experiments has been carried out with sealed containers in which these conditions have been reproduced as closely as possible.

Mars has a diameter of 4,200 miles. It is thus considerably smaller than the Earth, and has only 0.1 of the terrestrial mass. The escape velocity is 3.1 miles per second, so that the atmosphere is relatively tenuous. The sidereal period or 'year' is 687 days, while the axial rotation period is 24 hours 37 minutes 23 seconds—slightly over half an hour longer than that of the Earth. The axial inclination amounts to 25 degrees, as against 23½ degrees for our own world.

The orbit of Mars is of appreciable eccentricity, and the distance from the Sun varies between 128,500,000 miles at perihelion and 154,500,000 miles at aphelion, giving a mean value of 141,500,000 miles. This naturally leads to a surface temperature which is lower than that of the Earth. At midsummer on the Martian equator the temperature may rise to almost 80 degrees Fahrenheit, but the nights are bitterly cold, and a thermometer would register well below minus 100 degrees Fahrenheit. It has been aptly said that the climate is of an exaggerated Continental type.

When Mars is well placed, any moderate telescope will show considerable detail on its disk. Most of the surface is of the reddish-ochre hue which led the ancients to name the planet after the God of War, but there are extensive darker patches, as well as whitish caps at the poles. These polar caps are of particular importance. It was once thought that they might be due to solid carbon dioxide, but spectroscopic investigations carried out by G. P. Kuiper in 1948 proved that they are due to some icy or frosty deposit. However, there is no real analogy with the polar caps of Earth, because on Mars the depth of the deposit cannot be more than six inches at most—and may well be less than one inch. The caps show regular seasonal changes, since they cover vast areas during Martian winter, and shrink rapidly in the spring and summer. At midsummer, the southern cap has been known to vanish completely; even in the northern hemisphere, where the temperature range is less extreme (since northern winter occurs when Mars is at its closest to the Sun), the cap becomes very small.



Mars: a photograph taken through a 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, California

The dark areas were formerly believed to be seas. At first sight this theory is reasonable enough, but it fails to stand up to close examination. For one thing, the atmosphere of the planet contains very little water vapour; Mars is a dried-up world, and large water surfaces are definitely out of the question, even if the presence of minor lakes cannot be entirely ruled out. Recently the Russian astronomer V. Davidov has suggested that there is an underground hydrosphere, and that the surface of the planet is largely covered with ice. This rather startling theory has not met with a great deal of support, though it has not yet been subjected to critical investigation.

Various other hypotheses to explain the dark areas have been proposed from time to time. S. Arrhenius, of Sweden, ascribed them to hygroscopic salts, which absorbed moisture and darkened as they did so. This would admittedly explain the famous seasonal cycle, according to which the areas become more intense as the polar cap shrinks in the spring and early summer; there can be little doubt that at these periods a certain amount of moisture is released, possibly by the melting of the polar deposit but more probably by sublimation. However, the slight depth of the caps indicates that not enough water vapour would be made available, and Arrhenius's theory has now been generally rejected. An alternative suggestion by D. B. McLaughlin, of the United States—that the areas are due to ash ejected regularly from active volcanoes, and spread out in regular patterns by 'trade winds'—seems to have nothing to recommend it.

On the whole, it is far more probable that the dark regions are made up of living organisms. This view is not universal; it is not, for instance, supported by the Russian astronomer V. V. Sharonov, who believes the areas to be mountainous regions undergoing erosion. Yet it seems eminently reasonable, and it is certainly worth making an attempt to find out what types of organisms could survive under the rigorous conditions prevailing on Mars.

Human or animal life of terrestrial type can certainly be discounted, because the atmosphere is entirely unsuitable; it is too thin, and moreover it contains little oxygen. Of course, there have been many suggestions that



One of the thousands of drawings made by Percival Lowell at Flagstaff, Arizona, between 1896 and 1916, of what he believed to be artificial waterways on Mars

alien life-forms may exist, and that Mars is the abode of advanced creatures which can make full use of such an atmosphere. Speculation here is pointless; all that can be said is that there is no evidence that anything of the sort is possible, while there is a great deal of scientific evidence that it is not. Neither need we waste much time in discussing the canals—straight, artificial-looking lines which, it has been claimed, form a network over the whole planet. P. Lowell, who made thousands of drawings of Mars between 1896 and his death in 1916, firmly believed that the canal system was the work of intelligent 'Martians', but it now seems that the canals do not exist in the form in which he described them. In any case, the supply of water locked up in the polar caps would be inadequate to supply more than a few large waterways even if evaporation were neglected.

It seems that there are two main questions to be answered. First, is indigenous life likely to be found on Mars? Secondly, could any Earth-type organisms survive there? These two questions are closely associated but not identical.

A final solution to the first may well have to wait until space research methods have been developed. In the foreseeable future it is probable that an unmanned probe will be sent to the planet, capable of carrying out analyses and sending the results back by means of television techniques. In the meantime, however, important work has been carried out by W. Sinton, in the United States. Sinton's studies of the infrared spectrum of the dark portion of Mars have shown the presence of absorption bands which are probably due to organic compounds, and although this does not prove the existence of life on the planet it does make it seem likely. These bands are visible only in the dark areas, and are absent from the spectra of the reddish-ochre 'deserts'. It may be significant that similar bands are detectable in the spectra of some terrestrial algae.

The second part of the problem may possibly be tackled by means of laboratory experiments. Preliminary work has been done in both America and Russia. In 1960 the present writer suggested that similar researches might be carried out in Britain, and this has been done by Dr. Francis Jackson, a research microbiologist who is also a well-known amateur astronomer. Sealed containers have been used, filled with 'Martian atmosphere' and provided with 'Martian "soil"'.

The ground pressure of the atmosphere on Mars is believed to be in the region of 85 millibars. This value is uncertain to some degree, but is certainly of the right order. It is equivalent to the pressure of the Earth's atmosphere at an altitude of eleven miles above sea-level, or roughly twice the height of Everest. There was no difficulty in reducing the pressure in the containers to this extent. Unfortunately, the composition of the Martian atmosphere is not definitely known. Frequent attempts to detect free oxygen and water-vapour have ended in failure, but the regular shrinking of the polar caps means that water-vapour cannot be entirely absent, and this may apply also to oxygen. Carbon dioxide certainly exists there, and probably argon, but the bulk of the mantle seems to be made up of nitrogen. According to G. de Vaucouleurs, the volume per cent. consists of 98.5 nitrogen (N_2), 1.2 argon (A), 0.25 carbon dioxide (CO_2) and less than 0.1 oxygen (O_2). The relevant figures for the Earth's atmosphere are 78.08, 0.94, 0.03, and 20.94 respectively.

There is also considerable uncertainty about the surface coating on Mars; so various artificial soils were used. It has not, of course, been possible to carry out the experiments under reduced gravity—the surface gravity on Mars is only 0.38 of that on

Earth—but it is not likely that this difference will invalidate the experiments.

Great attention was paid to the diurnal variations in temperature, and various ranges were tried, in accordance with the best available information about actual conditions on Mars. It is naturally essential to continue the experiments over a long period, and to use various types of organisms. Work was begun in December 1960, and the first results were given in 'The Sky at Night' last week on B.B.C. television.

There has been much talk about 'vegetation' on Mars, but—as expected—familiar plants proved incapable of adapting themselves to such hostile conditions. For instance, a single 'Martian night' had a most depressing effect on a cactus, which died immediately. The really serious experiments were carried out with micro-organisms, and microscopic plants, animals, and bacteria were used. So far, there has been no evidence that any of the

plants or animals survived the tests over long periods, but the results with bacteria have been much more encouraging. Certain bacteria seem definitely able to endure the conditions without any adverse effects, and with some 'soils' of the kind which may well be expected on Mars it looks as though the bacteria may even be able to multiply to some extent, given traces of suitable 'foods'. Limonite, widely believed to cover much of the planet, discouraged some bacteria, but others tolerated it better.

It must again be stressed that the work has been going on for only a few months, and that these results are no more than preliminary. Experiments with lichens and algae, for instance, need much

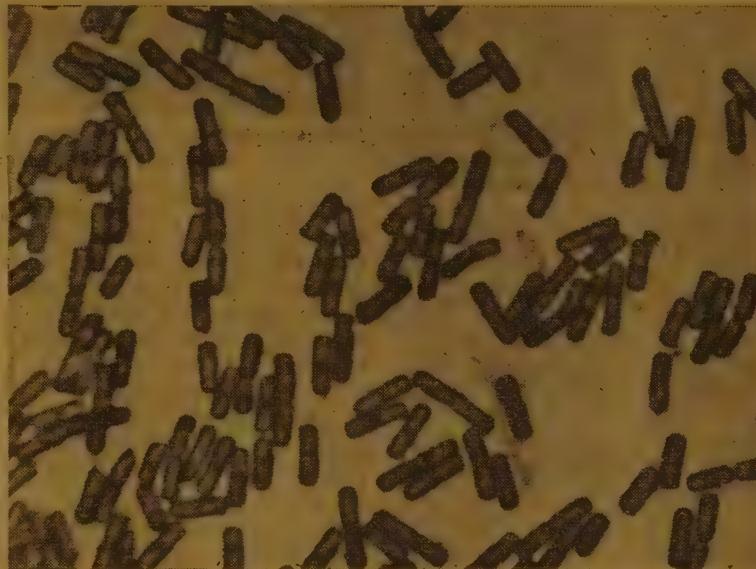
more time than in the case of bacteria. It seems that the researches are of considerable value, and so are being continued. Further results will be announced as they become available. Meanwhile, it has been demonstrated that there are at least some terrestrial organisms which would be capable of survival under Martian conditions, if our picture of those conditions is correct.

The whole problem is now of more than purely academic importance. Interplanetary vehicles are being developed, and space biology will certainly become an important study in the future. We must take note of the undesirability of contaminating other planets with terrestrial organisms, and caution will be necessary before organisms from other worlds are brought to the Earth.

Intelligent life is probably widespread in the universe. Our Sun is only one of 100,000,000,000 stars in the Galaxy, and the Galaxy itself represents an insignificant part of the universe observable with our present telescopes; indeed, something like 1,000,000,000 such systems lie within the photographic range of the 200-inch Hale reflector at Palomar. In all this host of stars, it is surely unreasonable to suppose that our Sun alone is attended by an inhabited planet. But while speculation is one thing, proof is another, and for at least many centuries to come we can hope for results only in connexion with our nearest neighbours, the members of the Solar System. Of these, the only two planets which may possibly support organisms of terrestrial type are Venus (about which we know almost nothing) and Mars.

Although all the evidence is against the existence of men or animals on Mars, it is most probable that some organisms could survive. The laboratory experiments strongly support this point of view. They do not, of course, demonstrate that life actually does exist on Mars, but there is every prospect that the Red Planet is far from being a dead world.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of March 20 in which Patrick Moore was talking to Dr. F. L. Jackson of King's College Hospital, London



Photograph, greatly magnified, of bacteria which have survived simulated Martian conditions

The Silk Road to Samarkand

By MIR S. KHAN

THE Silk Road, winding through the lofty passes of high Asia, has evoked fable and legend since the first caravans carrying silk from Cathay gave it a name a thousand years ago. I had a desire to tramp this road and to visit the fabled cities of Samarkand and Bokhara, so I laid my plans. My first step was to obtain a large-scale map, only to find that none of them showed the Silk Road at all. I soon learnt that a guide was the answer, and not a map. Even if a map had shown it, it would not have shown the danger and violence that could be encountered on the journey. It is nearly 2,000 miles of twisting track, sometimes obliterated by floods, running around mountains with a drop of thousands of feet into the angry waters of a mountain river, and crossing arid deserts where one can sometimes see the skeletons of creatures for whom the nearest water hole was just a little too far.

There was not much chance of my using wheeled transport, so I bought four mountain ponies, surely direct descendants of the ones that carried Chengiz Khan to the gates of Vienna. I then set out to comb the bazaars of Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, for a guide. I was lucky to find a man soon; Danim Khan had made the trip many times, taking silk and porcelain to trade for medicine and factory-made goods in the bazaars of Samarkand and Teheran. Danim was a cheerful, rubicund character, who thought it the most natural thing in the world for me to want to travel the Silk Road.

Our journey was to take in Tajikistan, Kirghizistan, Uzbekistan, Turkestan, and then Iran. How long it would



View across Lake Iskander-Kul, Tajikistan; and (left) entrance to the Shah Zinda mausoleums in Samarkand

take us we did not know, for much would depend on the natural hazards that we might meet on the way. As Danim put it: 'To arrive at all will be a blessing of God'. The people of Kashgar, on the Black River, turned out in force to see us off. Danim they knew had made the trip before and they had every confidence that he could do it again. But they were not so sure about me, and made various gloomy prophecies about my possible fate in some sombre defile or trackless desert.

In central Asia one rides by day and pitches one's tent as the sun sets. Apart from the obvious dangers of travel in remote mountain country, travellers by night are not popular in small village communities. Tajikistan in the spring presents a picture of savage grandeur that cannot be matched anywhere in the world. The frowning mountains, towering over the unmarked track, are wearing their spring regalia of wild flowers, and behind them is a glittering backdrop of snow-clad peaks. Partridge whirr into the air, flying low and darting among the rocky outcrops to avoid the predatory eye of the falcon which swoops in endless circles in the azure sky. Danim and I spoke little. I was awestruck by the beauty of the mountains and the rainbow of colours reflected off the untrdden snow by the morning sun.

Although we had camping equipment with us we tried to spend each night at a convenient village where we could be sure of a friendly welcome. A typical one was the village of Devdar, where the annexe to the tiny mosque was turned over to us. After the evening prayer one of the priest's children brought us a bowl of fresh cream and some bread straight out of the oven. The offer of money would have been deeply offensive to these



hospitable people but chocolate comes under no such ban, and the small boy was soon joined by his brothers and sisters to munch the chocolate and stare at us with solemn faces.

Danim had vanished to consult the locals about the condition of the road as far as the next village. This became a regular feature of our stops, and one that saved us from many dangers and unnecessary miles as the days wore on. At one halting place the entire labour force turned out to remake a small bridge that had been washed away the day before. 'It is written in the Koran', they said, 'that a traveller shall be helped; it is our duty'. Again and again the magic word 'traveller' produced aid and comfort for us when there seemed not a soul for a hundred miles, help unstinted and spontaneous, food plentiful and hot from poor homes that seemed not to have even the warmth of a fire within.

Old and New in Tajikistan

Tajikistan, in common with the other semi-autonomous republics of the Soviet Union, has seen great changes since the end of the war. More and more villagers have left the countryside to work in the oilfields of Ferghana and Tashkent. Schools, hospitals, social centres, and agricultural communes have sprung up in even the most remote centres, and have brought to the majority a higher standard of living without destroying the old and beautiful traditions by which the people have lived for thousands of years.

All along the road men spoke of Samarkand as one speaks of the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow. Many had seen her once, and their eyes shone as if they spoke of a lover; others had not seen her at all, and yearned for a glimpse of her with all the fervour of a Romeo seeking his Juliet. To them Samarkand was part of their history. Its beginnings were hidden in the mists of antiquity, its golden days as the capital of the mighty empire of Tamerlaine had been their glory. Now she is a centre of learning and industry and represents to them the progress they are achieving.

Still following the turbulent Black River, running deep in a ravine cut by the melting snows of time, we rode under the shadow of Pik Lenina towering to a height of over 23,000 feet, dwarfed only by her neighbour across the valley, Pik Stalina, 1,000 feet higher. The lower slopes of these peaks provide common grazing land for the vast herds of fat-tailed sheep that provide the wonderful (although misnamed) Persian lamb or Karaqul ('black flower') as the Turkmen know it. These herds graze all the year round, guarded only by massive and unfriendly dogs of uncertain pedigree who are more than a match for any wolf unwise enough to fancy a toothsome lamb.

In the foothills of the Turkestan range our last stop before Golden Samarkand was Zarafshan. This town is literally built on gold, the alluvial gold that is carried by the many snow-fed rivers that run in spate from the gold-bearing rocks of the mountains. Since the dawn of time men have pegged sheepskins to the dry beds of the streams before the spring floods and returned in autumn when the flow dwindles to gather their golden harvest. Gold particles are carried by the waters, and being heavy, sink to the bottom of the river and are caught in the still oily wool. The skins are carefully dried and then burnt, the ashes being sieved and panned to extract the gold.

Garden City of Samarkand

As we came out of the valley we crossed the track of the Samarkand-Bokhara railway, and, topping a rise, saw in the distance the dun-coloured walls of the great market-place of central Asia. On the outskirts of Samarkand there is a bare hill of great size. This is Afrosiyab, site of ancient Samarkand. From its heights you can look across the city, marking the blue minarets among the gardens, for Samarkand is indeed a garden city owing its development, strangely enough, to one of the greatest and most ruthless of conquerors, Emir Timur Gurgan-Tamerlaine, who laid waste empires but lavished all he had upon the capital of his own empire. He attracted poets and astronomers, scientists and men of learning, whose works were often confirmed by scientists hundreds of years later.

Wherever one goes in Samarkand one finds the old rubbing

shoulders with the new. Ornate mosques with tiles brought from the empire of Cathay hundreds of years ago rub shoulders with aseptic welfare clinics; children still sit cross-legged in the courtyards of schools learning the Koran by rote, while inside they learn the theories of matter and atomic structure. The silk embroidery of Samarkand is famous throughout the East. Early Chinese caravans brought raw silk to trade for copper and steel, and the Uzbek peoples soon adapted this new material to their own age-old patterns. There is a story that two pilgrims smuggled silkworm eggs from Samarkand to Italy in their hollowed-out staffs, and so brought silk to the Western world. Today silkworm eggs are sent from Samarkand all over the world.

Wandering through the streets of Samarkand one comes across the leatherwork for which this city is justly famous. Tooled leather saddles inset with gold wire and silver coins are exported all over the world from these murky stalls, saddles that have not changed in design or embellishment since Chengiz Khan led the Golden Horde into Europe.

Leaving Samarkand we struck south-east. I had hoped to be able to visit Bokhara, but Danim had been prevailed upon by his relatives in Samarkand to stay for a wedding and, knowing Uzbek weddings, I persuaded him to find a caravan that would take me in the direction of Teheran, where the Silk Road ends. Fortunately there was a fast one leaving the same day, and I was accepted. It was striking south, making straight for Meshed and Teheran, and we had no time to visit Bokhara.

Scorched Plains and Scattered Villages

As one leaves the pleasant slopes of the Turkmenstan Range and crosses the roaring cataracts of the Murghab river, the terrain changes abruptly. The Uzbeks say, 'Where water ends the earth ends', and this could be true on the Persian side of the Murghab river. The scorched plains of Khurusan that lie between the frontier and Teheran suffer from lack of water and excessive salt in the soil. Sporadic attempts to irrigate the land have been made, but the villages are still poor and far apart. The peasants till the unproductive land of their fathers with a tenacity that reinforces one's belief in the strength and resilience of the human spirit.

Deep in this plain lies the city of Meshed, revered by the Persians as the burial place of Imam Reza, the descendant of the Prophet, whose tomb with its golden dome is a landmark for many miles. Laden down with leather sacks of water for ourselves and the animals, we ploughed across the arid waste, screwing up our eyes against the glare reflected from the ground, which is coated with salt and glitters like hoar frost. The streets of Meshed are full of the bustle characteristic of high Asia. Merchants hail approaching caravans, eager for news of their goods and news of the road, porters cry out extolling their strength, and hotel-keepers praise the excellence of their accommodation. Leaving my companions, who wanted to trade their merchandise in the bazaar, I arranged to meet them later while I wandered about taking photographs of this medieval city.

Then, urged on by my companions, who were anxious to reach Teheran, we rode far into the night across the Kavir desert that lies between Meshed and Teheran. It is not a journey I should like to repeat. There are long stretches without human habitation, and always the evil presences of jackals and vultures following our caravan like so many familiars, hoping that something would fall by the wayside. But the immensity of the unexploited potential of the country is striking. If water could be found here Khurusan could be again one of the finest granaries of Asia.

And so I came to Teheran at last—pearl of cities and brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown. The Teheran of the tourist is the Imperial Palace, the government buildings, and the lush gardens around mosques of unsurpassed beauty. But the Teheran I sought was the Teheran of old—the Teheran that lies in the dark bazaars echoing with the crying of wares and pungent with the spices of the east. No words can truly describe the sights and smells of these Aladdinesque bazaars. Here is the Street of the Coppersmiths; here the sword-makers still ply their trade like so many Thors wielding their hammers to a rhythm that is almost musical; here lies the Spice Market, and here the perfume blenders squat over their retorts, as if searching for the elixir of life.

In the cloth market my companions found a ready sale for their silks. Among the piled bolts of cloth of dazzling colours we sipped the inevitable green tea and exchanged the customary small talk, until one of the traders found a 'natural break' in the conversation to introduce the subject of their wares. At once the tea gave way to the bubble-bubble which is reserved for times when finance is discussed. I slipped away at this point—I was eager to sample the bazaars to the full, to savour to the full my pleasure at reaching my long journey's end. That night, in many a caravan-

serai throughout the sleeping city, girths were tightened and loads were checked for a journey back along the road I had travelled. As one passed me I hailed the leading man. 'Watch for the weak bridge across the Sar i Pul', I said, true to the traditions of the road. 'The river is in spate'.

His reply, 'May Allah bless you, brother', moved me deeply. —I was accepted. I too had travelled the great Silk Road to Samarkand—I was one with that great multitude who had made that journey all through the centuries before me.—*Home Service*

On Turning Native

By NIKO TINBERGEN

MORE than ten years have passed since my family and I left our native Holland and settled in Oxford. A minor move; a mere 250 miles; but it meant crossing a geographical barrier between two surprisingly different cultures. Our friends, both here and in Europe, often ask us how we like it: don't we have any regrets? To this we can truthfully reply: No, we do not regret it for a moment. We have rooted sufficiently to feel that we are coming home every time we return from abroad.

The process of settling down, of growing our roots, has been a fascinating experience. It still is. In his stimulating book *The English: are they human?* Dr. G. J. Renier says that it takes much longer than ten years to become fully adjusted and even to begin to understand Britain and the British. We are sure he is right, and we are looking forward to more experiences. We have by now acquired a taste for them. The nature of this process of adjustment depends, of course, on the circumstances and also on the mental attitude of the immigrant. People like us, who moved of our own free choice and were determined to adjust, can be said to pass through three stages.

The voluntary settler arrives determined to like it, and to be happy. Everything is just wonderful, and neither the depressing atmosphere at Parkeston Quay in Harwich (and the endless queuing in the line for 'aliens') nor the general filth, soot, and smoke can damp his high spirits. The police are wonderful, of course (they are); the British are not at all as aloof as they were said to be. True, the coffee has a funny taste, but you must not expect everything to be just the same as at home. And isn't it wonderful that cars stop for pedestrians at zebra crossings? But this blissful state does not last long. You cannot help noticing that kippers have a rather queer smell; that every house has at least four different types of electric plug; that shops may be happily 'out of stock' of some commonplace article for weeks on end; and that there are still people who say 'You know what these foreigners are'.

From Bliss to Criticism

Gradually you enter the second stage, that of criticism. You cannot understand why deliveries promised for a certain day do not arrive: you have lived in a country where such things seem to be run better. This second stage is a dangerous one, for you can easily turn sour and find fault with everything. You start by being amused by the unsophisticated habit of commenting on the weather (which, it seems, can only be either 'nasty' or 'lovely'); then you become irritated by the medieval systems of pounds, shillings, and pence; of stones and ounces; of degrees Fahrenheit; of miles, yards, and feet; of gallons and pints. And you become infuriated by an election slogan such as 'You never had it so good!' You may easily slide into the attitude of one of my friends, a Continental pining (like me) for crisp, cold, frosty weather in winter, who on the one day we had such invigorating weather could not help remarking: 'It won't last'.

But with most people this is a passing mood. Most of us become gradually more detached. You begin again to realize how many things you like and admire; you grow accustomed to English

architecture and suddenly feel touched by the beauty of many a church and many a country cottage or farm; you begin to appreciate the way the British can laugh at themselves; you see the charm as well as the cramping effects of the Britons' respect for tradition; and you appreciate their general tolerance. At the same time you begin to realize that your native country has some pretty odd traits as well; you are shocked by the level of its radio plays; or you feel embarrassed by the words of a politician.

Imperceptibly you enter a third, and much happier, phase. You begin to see, or rather really to experience, that each nation, each community, has its weak spots, its prejudices, its limitations; but also that each nation has many things in which it truly excels. You stop seeing nations and peoples in just black and white; you do not even think of them in terms of light and dark grey: they are just different in kind; they all have their own colour.

Happy Grumblers

I and my family feel we have entered that third phase now. We rather accept things the way they are done here, and when we do not, we do the same as born Britons: we either try to do something about it, or we grumble happily. But we do not gripe, and we do not feel sour. Like Britons, we seem to enjoy having an occasional dig at, say, British Railways, or road-signs, or 'pub' hours.

What are the things that still strike us as not quite as they could be? I can select only a few. For instance, one wonders if the British discern that the world is changing; that there is tremendous competition between nations? Has it penetrated here that the Suez Canal is still functioning? Do people realize that the British are the only people who look to the British for leadership in world politics? This complacent attitude is closely related to provincialism. Most British certainly have seen something of the world, and could therefore be expected to have a little of the world citizen in them. Yet they have not. But, come to think of it, what did most of them see of the world? All except a few took their home environment with them, and created little islands of British life wherever they went. Very few ever had real contact with the natives, whether in Europe, in Asia, or in Africa. 'Your marvellous Dutch breakfast' is not a Dutch breakfast at all; it is the breakfast the Dutch hotels prepare for their British guests. The insularity of the British expresses itself in countless little things. I remember vividly the indignant reaction of an English girl, married to a Swiss boy, when she was classified (by a fellow-Englishman) as an 'honorary foreigner'. She was not only stunned, she was shocked, by the rudeness, the bad taste!

Another thing we do not like, and which we rather refuse to adjust to, is a certain type of feudalism, and its close relative, snobbery. Admittedly, the country's institutions are on the whole democratic, but there is a rather pronounced social stratification. In numerous little things said, done, or not done, by the 'better' people, one senses an unpleasant class-consciousness. It is of a special kind; it is found in intellectuals and semi-intellectuals rather than in the rich and the old-fashioned estate owners. In the old type feudalism there was an element of responsibility; in this

(concluded on page 573)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 22-28

Wednesday, March 22

The U.S.A. orders her Pacific land, sea, and air forces to move into position for possible military intervention in Laos

The Commons debate South Africa

The five defendants in the Official Secrets trial at the Old Bailey are sentenced to terms of imprisonment totalling ninety-five years

The Government's new Road Traffic bill provides heavier penalties for many motoring offences

Thursday, March 23

Britain, in a Note to Russia, suggests there should be a joint appeal to both sides in Laos for an immediate cease-fire

President Kennedy makes a statement on America's attitude to the situation in Laos

The Prime Minister tells Commons that all Admiralty establishments have been ordered to review their security systems

Friday, March 24

The Prime Minister leaves London for his tour of the West Indies, the United States, and Canada. Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, leaves for the meeting of the S.E. Asia Treaty Organization in Bangkok

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces on his return from Bonn that West Germany is to make an immediate repayment to Britain of £67,000,000 of her war debt

Saturday, March 25

The Russians launch into space another satellite containing a dog and bring it back to earth

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker, speaking at Oxford, urges the need for more women magistrates

France wins the International rugby championship by beating Wales in Paris

Sunday, March 26

Mr. Macmillan and President Kennedy meet at Key West, Florida, to discuss the situation in Laos

General election is held in Belgium

Monday, March 27

President Kennedy and Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, meet in Washington to discuss Laos

Conference of the S.E. Asian Treaty Organization opens in Bangkok

The Belgian Catholic-Liberal Coalition Government resigns after suffering a setback in the general election

Tuesday, March 28

President Kennedy asks Congress for an extra £700,000,000 for defence

Speaking in Trinidad, the Prime Minister describes apartheid as 'bad, un-Christian and fated to fail'



The hilly country of northern Laos, the south-east Asian kingdom which has again become the centre of international concern. For several months the Laos Government, headed by Prince Boun Oum, has been attacked by insurgents known as the Pathet Lao. The former has received financial assistance from the United States and the latter has been aided by Communist powers



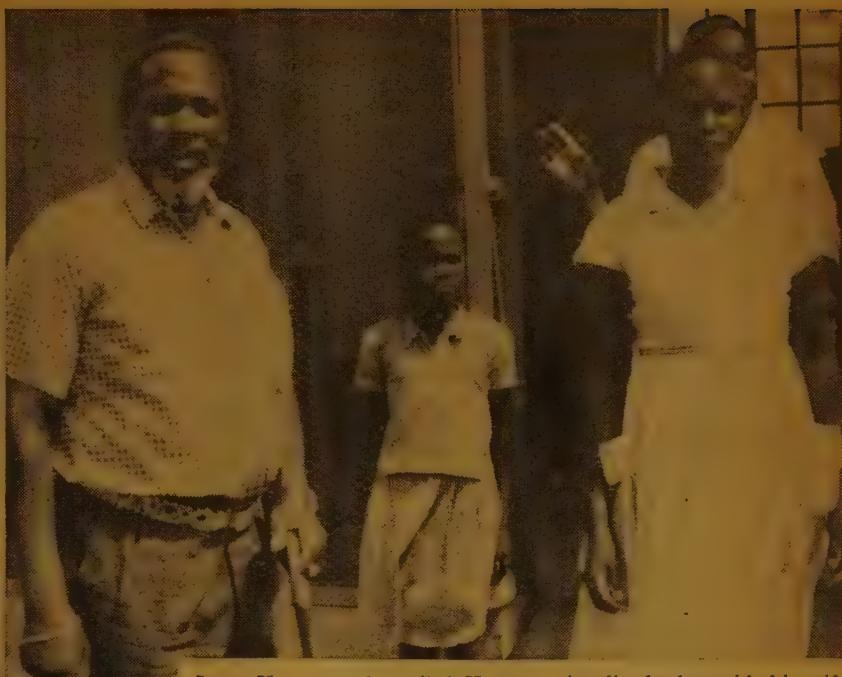
Charles Draper as the Badger and June Bronhill as the Vixen in a scene from Janáček's opera *The Cunning Little Vixen* which had its first performance in this country at Sadler's Wells Theatre last week (see page 589)



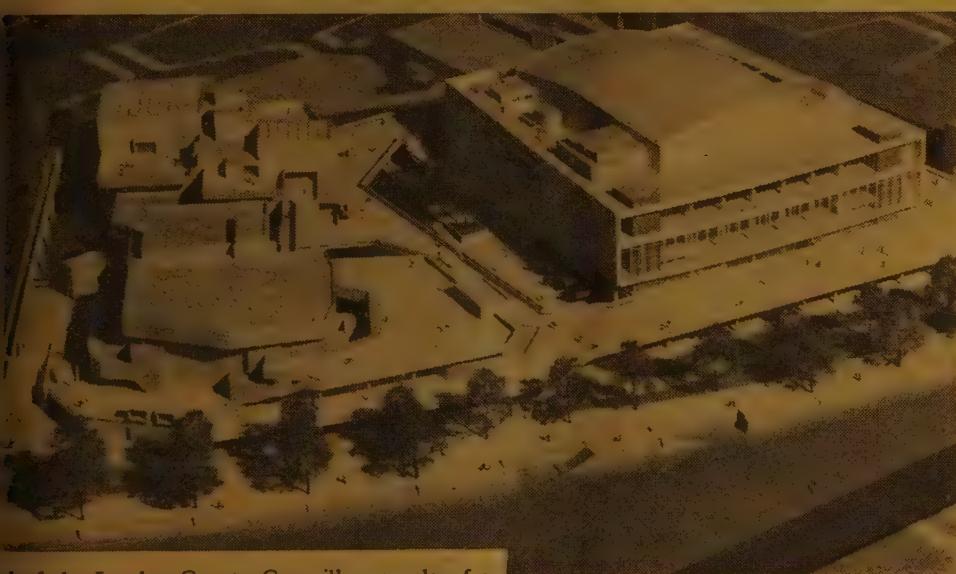
Right: Nicolaus Silver, ridden by Bobby Beasley, winning the Grand National at Aintree last Saturday. It is the first time for ninety years that the race has been won by a grey



Lord Macmillan driving from the airfield with President Kennedy at Key West, on March 26 when the two statesmen met to discuss the crisis caused by the situation in Laos



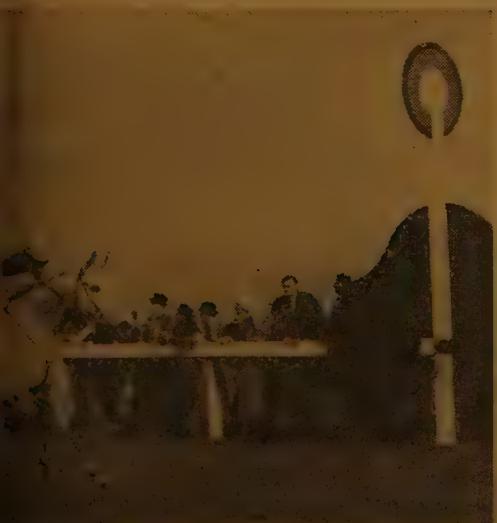
Jomo Kenyatta, the exiled Kenya nationalist leader, with his wife and child at Lodwar where he is now in detention: a photograph taken last week when he was visited by a delegation from the country's two main African political parties, the National Union and the Democratic Union. Afterwards Mr. Mboya, General Secretary of the National Union, said that Mr. Kenyatta had supported their decision not to join a new government until he is released from exile



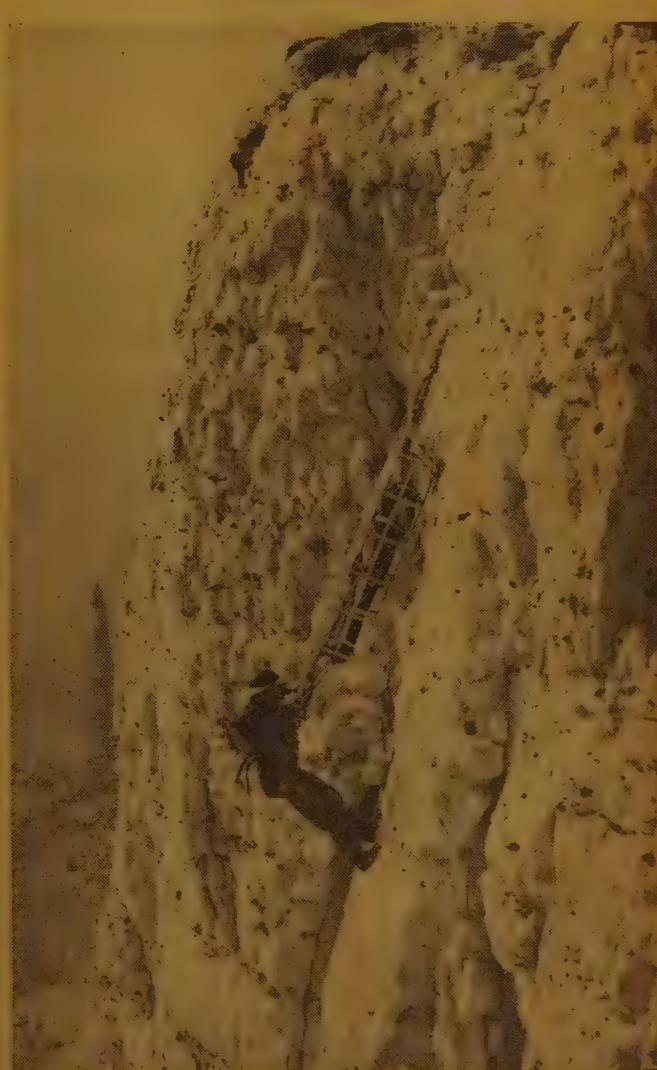
Model of the London County Council's new plan for the South Bank: this includes a new front to Festival Hall (right); and the building of a smaller hall, a recital room, and an exhibition gallery (left)

High-level walks will link the buildings

Experiment to help London's motorists: a police-traffic duty in Whitehall wearing a white helmet cover and arm bands



A visitor to the exhibition of National Art Treasures of Korea at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, looking at 'Seated Maitreya', a gilt bronze statue dating from the seventh century (see page 575)



Testing out a new type of stretcher for cliff rescue work on Beachy Head last week: Police-Constable Ward, who designed the stretcher on the lines of an alpine sledge, accompanying a 'casualty' up the sheer face of the cliff



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(concluded from page 569)

new feudalism I sense an attitude of contempt; and we think this is an ugly thing.

I must not waste my time criticizing. There is much we truly admire in Britain. Most of all, perhaps, the English attitude to education. I was myself brought up in Holland, and I have taught both there and in Oxford, with occasional spells of teaching and observing in the United States and in various Continental countries. We have seen our children grow up first in Holland, then in England, in rather a variety of schools and colleges, so we feel we have some basis for comparison. What we find so refreshing in England is that no attempts are made just to stuff as much factual knowledge into a child as possible—a practice that is prevalent in various countries on the Continent, and which would be lethal, if it were not that it is not so easy to destroy a child's vitality.

On the other hand, the English do not pretend (as many Americans do) that everything you do at school has to be 'fun': English children are expected to work; they are not treated as babies; and they like it. Admittedly, young Englishmen acquire little 'knowledge': just think of how little even the average student knows of geography, or of foreign languages. But from kindergarten through the university, spoon-feeding is avoided, and interest, always present in children, is allowed to flower. Naturally English education is not ideal, and there are big differences between schools. Yet on the whole the English are outstanding educators. In all our contacts with Continental and English young people of all ages it always strikes us how much better prepared many English are

for independent acting and thinking, which is after all what life demands. I feel I cannot emphasize too strongly how precious a thing this is; and also how dangerous is the tendency, to be found in some schools I know, to try to press more factual knowledge into children. This is encouraged by heavy examination demands; unfortunately, some schools measure success in terms of numbers of scholarships, and so appeal to the quasi-intellectual snobbery I mentioned.

When I said that independent thinking and acting is 'what life demands', I did not mean to over-emphasize the practical advantage of English education. There is something much more valuable to it. Too much emphasis on knowledge leads to fuller and fuller time-tables and nibbles away at spare time. I have seen how this overfeeding makes children lose their interest; not only interest in what is taught at school, but also interest in the many rich aspects of life not touched upon at school. Intellectual alertness, interest in the arts, interest in other people cannot flourish in a society of well-trained robots.

Another admirable trait of the British is their love of their own language, and of their literature—one of their main channels of artistic expression. I know only too well that many people scoff at the way Shakespeare has been forced down their throats, but relatively few people mean this. Even though some may feel they have been overfed, a surprisingly large number of British enjoy reading, writing, listening, and speaking; and do all this well. Some British are apprehensive about their lack of knowledge of foreign languages. It would be a good thing if

more effort were put into teaching languages at least to those who need them: politicians, business men, and scientists. But it could easily be overdone. People who admire the Dutch for their command of foreign languages may not realize that the Dutch neglect their own language. Some Dutch public speaking and writing is shockingly poor.

To return now to my original question: do we regret having come over? We share the opinion of so many immigrants in Britain: it is a good place to live. When, nevertheless, we tend to think of our present state as one of 'qualified happiness' I refer to something unsatisfactory, unfulfilled, which we share with many emigrants: we have, in a sense, fallen between two stools. The immigrant's roots are shallow: unless one emigrates young one does not really 'turn native'. Yet one loses touch with one's country of origin. Each time I visit my native country, I feel less at home; I even feel my command of my mother tongue slipping. This is a sad experience, but it is the penalty one pays for the many advantages of emigration. And these are plenty: I have become a little more detached and independent-minded; I have learned to distinguish between what is generally human and what is only veneer; and I have got rid of some of my prejudices.

And perhaps the host country also profits a little. Immigrants introduce new ideas; we certainly have not only mutilated but also enriched your language. And perhaps our temerity in holding up a mirror (which, however much it may distort, does reflect something) might help the admirable British to become even more admirable.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Advertising and Our Lives

Sir,—May I, as one who has been working in the field of advertising for well over thirty years, be allowed a few comments on Mr. Frank Whitehead's talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 16?

Mr. Whitehead dislikes advertising. He is, of course, perfectly entitled to his opinion—but his aversion should not lead him to make unsubstantiated aspersions on a profession that is rendering a genuine public service and without which our economy, based on mass production and mass consumption, would be impossible.

In the sesquipedalian style dear to academic lecturers, Mr. Whitehead speaks of 'growing public uneasiness over the potency and pervasiveness in our society of psychological manipulation'. This is a characteristic example of the large, hazy, unproved and unprovable pronouncements he and other enemies of advertising indulge in. Apart from them, who is 'uneasy' about advertising? The advertisers, who now spend over £400,000,000 a year in this country alone to make their goods and services known to the public? They would hardly allow this expenditure if they did not see good returns for it, which in turn allow them to maintain a

high standard of living among their personnel. The public itself, who, thanks to it, enjoys the higher standard of life and the lower prices made possible by mass production? Not very likely!—if it really disliked advertising, it could easily show it by not buying the advertised goods. The press? Everyone, except perhaps Mr. Whitehead, knows that it could not survive without advertising. Who then, apart from professional umbrage-takers, is uneasy?

Nor is Mr. Whitehead more accurate in his other statements. He speaks of television as 'the principal medium for mass advertising'. In fact, expenditure on television advertising in 1960 was, according to the returns just published, £76,933,000, while display advertising in the press (*i.e.*, without classified advertisements) amounted to no less than £134,266,000, or nearly double the sum spent on television.

Starting from wrong premises, Mr. Whitehead arrives of course at wrong conclusions. He makes, however, confusion worse confounded by using what he himself, in another context, calls 'pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo', including the magnificent phrase he quotes with such obvious gusto about 'the narcotizing dysfunction of the mass media'.

I cannot hope to emulate Mr. Whitehead at that kind of jargon, which itself is a strange reflection on his complaint that, as a consequence of advertising, 'language itself is desensitized' (what a word!). In fact, advertising has, of necessity, to use simple, forceful, easily understandable words—'demotic' language, as Mr. Whitehead might call it—and advertisers, far from debasing the English tongue, have enriched it with many happy turns of phrase.

I will not attempt to follow Mr. Whitehead in his perplexing and contradictory disquisitions on political advertising, which he appears on the one hand to view with alarm, on the other to consider inoperative. But may I make a modest plea to any future academic luminary feeling the urge to shy his own little coconut at the Aunt Sally of advertising and suggest that, when doing so, he should not rely on his imagination for facts and on his memory for arguments?

Yours, etc.,
London, W.1 ALFRED PEMBERTON

Sir,—I hope it will not be taken for masochism if I, a practising copy-writer, welcome Mr. Frank Whitehead's strictures on advertising (THE LISTENER, March 16). We do not always

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

IN TERMS OF ART a revaluation is rarely something totally new to us, for which we are not prepared. The moment when we reverse our opinion of a work of art, from not thinking very much of it to realizing how marvellous it is, is one for which our previous disapproval or hatred has conditioned us, as if we had all along merely been running out of reasons for not liking it. This, I believe, is a recurrent experience for those who live actively with art. What is rarer is that we should come across something which is new to us but which we can take in our stride. The great Mexican exhibition at the Tate had this quality. It was the first clear idea that most of us had of an unfamiliar culture, non-European in origin, complex and abstract and highly sophisticated, and yet the overall effect was instant and profound. Great works in that exhibition became 'possessed' by many people who had not dreamt that such powerful things existed without their knowledge.

The exhibition of Korean treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum is something between informative and impressive. It calls for a fine adjustment of our sensibilities, a focus upon both works of art and objects of great virtue which few of us will have been familiar with before. The selection and the restrained display demand a contemplative approach; but contemplating what is already contemplative by nature is more than an exercise in escapism; the ways of art are mysterious and casual enough for us to hope for the miraculous. There is at least one such work in this exhibition, the gilt bronze seated figure, three feet high, of Maitreya—the 'Buddha of the Future'. Whether this sculpture was ever a seminal work I do not know, but one can well imagine a culture springing from its lithe and subtle limbs or a philosophy resolved in the suggestive optimism of its gentle expression. The fabulous and neatly elaborate gold crown from a fifth-century tomb must have been worn by, and can be associated in the imagination with, an individual social personality, but the seated Maitreya is there for anyone with eyes to possess.

The exhibition of icons from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century at the Temple Gallery also calls for concentration on something rare and strange. It is easy to be charmed by them. The thick slab form of the panels, the rich texture of their surfaces, the stylized symmetry of many of the designs, these combine fashionable qualities yet are precious fragments and eclectic symbols. What is extraordinary is the variety of expression to be found in modest examples of an ancient but formidably persistent tradition able to touch on noble concepts in a

small space and sometimes with a naive hand.

Many of the current exhibitions show artists concentrating as well, sometimes with such single-mindedness as to be thought eccentric; they do not always result in a similar expansion of effect. The paintings of Carel Weight at

feel that the exclusion of his stronger, more firmly defined, plant drawings helps the sense of diffusion of his qualities. In spite of several felicities one gets the feeling that he is covering his tracks before he has made up his mind precisely where he is going.

The four young artists recently exhibiting at the Young Contemporaries and now represented at the Paris Gallery may not know where they are going to finish up, but they all confirm that they are on the way. They can all take a proper satisfaction from being selected by a gallery which has always shown the courage of its convictions. Mario Dubsky, who has a room to himself, is clearly marked as a natural painter of great vitality apparent in every work. He has associated himself with a particular and particularly serious style of painting which has done something to disguise his inclinations. Now that his aesthetic confidence is growing, his exuberant and fluid attack may be drawing him away from the more formalistic side of the Bomberg influence. But he is not just backing out of a car-park, he has learnt that discipline needn't mean rigidity, and he is looking around. There are naturally unevennesses to be found in any dozen works of a young artist, but three or four of Dubsky's paintings are impressively assured and complete. 'Still Life II' is both more sombre and more alert than 'Still Life I', and the single images of 'Portraits I and II' and the 'Portrait from Delacroix' gain from being simpler to manage. But it is in these pictures that one can perceive the richness of his talent.

Basil Beattie works with assurance on a large format and projects what I can only describe as a friendly impression. His gestures imply the 'soft sell'. Jeffrey Steele (also exhibiting in the I.C.A. Library) presents a more stringent aesthetic concerned with 'hard-edge' and *gestalt* theory. It is in the larger pictures such as 'Orlando 1961' and 'Harmony' that his personal characteristics of sensibility and discipline emerge in balanced expression.

Goya by Dino Formaggio in 'The Gallery of Great Masters' series has been published by the Oldbourne Press, price 30s. The painting of the Duchess of Alba which we reproduce today on page 576 is one of the illustrations in this book.

* * *

The fifth and final volume of *The Concise Encyclopedia of Antiques* has been published by the National Magazine Co. at £2 10s. Like its predecessors, it has been compiled by *The Connoisseur* and edited by L. G. G. Ramsey, F.S.A. It contains contributions by various experts on such diverse subjects as Dutch Delft, French Impressionist painting, glass, shawls, and jelly moulds. There are numerous illustrations. A revised and enlarged edition of *Collecting Antiques*, by G. Bernard Hughes, has also been published (Country Life, £3 3s.).



'Madonna and Child': Russian icon (eighteenth century), from the exhibition at the Temple Gallery, 3 Harriet Street, S.W.1

Zwemmer's skirt the borderline between the whimsical and the idiosyncratic but, though he has no general facility with paint with which he might dismiss the enervating effect of literalness, Weight does in fact achieve the remarkable on occasion by the sheer integrity of his effort. He can impose a precise and telling mood over a whole picture by the simple but often overlooked or rejected treatment of the sky. Where others might give it the once-over with a palette knife, he exploits to the full the topographical truth that in England we always glance up to the sky to take our bearings.

For singular and refined means of expression one must turn to the picture constructions of Peter Stroud at the I.C.A., which grow and move to the eye as one absorbs their near-black colour variations. They seem to work more as screens which partake of and exert an influence on their environment, and I am not sure how long after the initial satisfaction such strict restraint may support one's interest.

Peter Snow's pictures at the Beaux Arts each reveal something of his particular style, but I

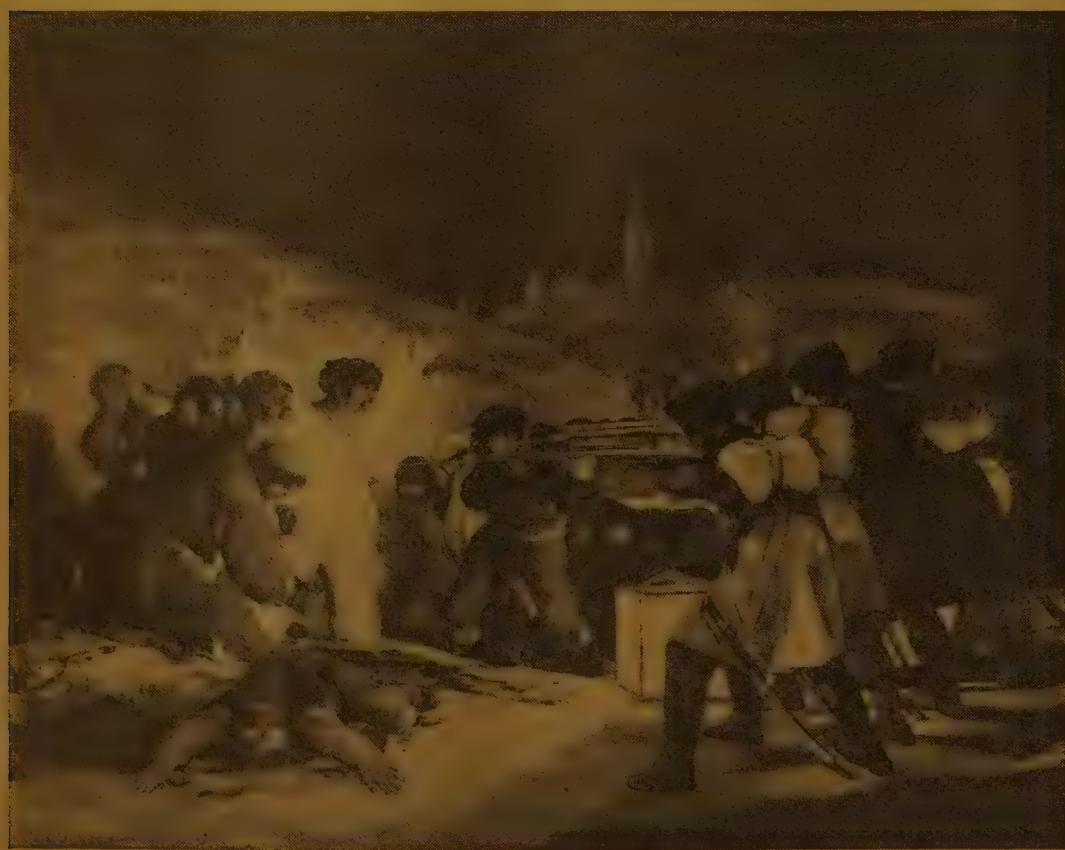
FRANCISCO DE GOYA: A GREAT ARTIST



'The Duchess of Alba': a portrait painted in 1797, now in the possession of the Hispanic Society of America



'The Family of Charles IV': a group painted by Goya while he was court painter, now in the Prado, Madrid



'The Executions on the Night of May 3, 1808'. The citizens of Madrid face a French firing squad. This painting is also in the Prado, Madrid

Right: 'Asses—all the way back': Goya satirizes genealogy in one of his 'Caprices', a series of etchings



These are four of the pictures included in a film about the work of the Spanish painter, Goya, which was shown in B.B.C. television on March 19

The Listener's Book Chronicle

To a Young Actress: the letters of Bernard Shaw to Molly Tompkins. Edited by Peter Tompkins. Constable. £3 3s.

Bernard Shaw: His Life and Personality

By Hesketh Pearson. Methuen. £2 10s.

Reviewed by ROY WALKER

EVEN IF BERNARD SHAW did not live quite so long as Methuselah we are still unpacking written evidence of how much his astonishing vitality crammed into his mere ninety years or so. It might be supposed that we were now getting down to the scraps and shavings. But this collection of some 150 of the letters he wrote to Molly Tompkins between 1921 and 1949—a haul romantically retrieved from the cellar of a Roman palazzo—would make the epistolary reputation of a lesser man.

In 1921 Shaw became the object of a sort of pilgrimage by Mrs. Tompkins, who at twenty-four was about a third of his age, and her wealthy young sculptor husband. They came to England from America to find Shaw, to create a Shavian Theatre and, so far as Molly was concerned, to incarnate the Shavian word as an actress. Shaw took a fancy to her, sent her to R.A.D.A., and continued to keep an eye on her career, plying her with advice on everything from phonetics and cosmetics to vegetarianism.

Molly's ambition seems to have been the reverse of the comedian who yearns to play Hamlet. She quarrelled with Kenneth Barnes because she wanted to play only tragic roles. Whereas, as Shaw soon afterwards reminded her, 'All my parts are comedy parts . . . as far as I can remember without going over my past like a drowning man'. But she was right about the direction of her talent. Later, when she was acting professionally, Shaw told her:

It is no use Mr. Vachell asking you to get laughs. You are not a comedian, alias *soubrette*, alias 'singing chambermaid'; your aspect is tragic; and you must tell them flatly that it can't be done: you have not a laugh-catching note in your voice, and must succeed for the present as a woman of sorrows, with eyes like muscatel grapes, drowning the stage with unshed tears instead of setting the table in a roar.

Afterwards, when Molly left the stage and went to live in Italy, the romantic element in the relationship flourished at a distance. When Molly complained of this, Shaw wrote that she did not understand.

that dotards of seventy must not assume that beautiful females who admire their works would like to be pawed by them. There is a shyness of age as there is a shyness of youth. And that is only the cheapest out of a dozen reasons why a man, especially an old man, does not always devour his natural prey. And then, your romance has lasted a long time without spoiling. There are moments, of course, when you want to consummate it. But they pass, and the romance remains. You get tired of waiting; but suppose there were no longer anything to wait for!

Shavians still have something to wait for. It has been announced recently that yet more letters, and a brief play script, which Mr. Fenner Brockway has had since 1936, are to be published. It may well be wondered whether

the work of tidying up Hesketh Pearson's biography of Shaw will ever be finished. It must have seemed relatively complete when the first version was published in 1942. But a postscript was needed after Shaw's death, and this appeared in 1951. Now the 1942 text, with a few passages then omitted, and the 1951 addition have appeared in a single volume.

This has the Book Society's blessing and can stand something less than unqualified rejoicing from a reviewer. It may seem ungrateful to complain at all about a long book that is immensely readable and enjoyable. But the fact does now stand out that this biographer had not the inclination to treat Shaw's ideas as seriously as they deserve; he says hardly anything about the plays themselves; he is increasingly witty at the expense of a subject whose superior wit is simply annihilating; the postscript, particularly, is so scrappy that it should have been drastically condensed to give this edition a conclusion worthy of its commencement; and for some reason there is no illustration of Shaw that belongs to the twentieth century.

The Destruction of Lord Raglan

By Christopher Hibbert. Longmans. 30s.

In March 1854 England was at war after forty years of peace—or rather, after forty annual army estimates had been cut to the bone in deference to the clamour of those who wanted an Empire on the cheap. The choice of commander-in-chief (and it is significant that it was automatic) was Lord Raglan, who had spent twenty-five years chairborne in Whitehall as Wellington's Military Secretary. Though he had served in the Peninsula and had lost an arm at Waterloo, he had never commanded as much as a company. Fifteen months later to the day he died, having little will to live, on the Heights before Sebastopol. His literary tombstone was in due course erected by Kinglake in nine volumes. In them is pure adulation; Raglan is perfect in everything, his gestures sublime, his actions inspired.

A more realistic treatment has been long overdue and it has at last been excellently supplied. Under the capable handling of Mr. Hibbert, Raglan is divested of some of Kinglake's god-like attributes but becomes—as the book's subtitle suggests—a much more tragic figure. Raglan was destroyed not by a Russian bullet but (though not literally, for the cause was cholera) by those forces which he had the right to expect would support him in difficulties only a few of which were of his own making. The Government, the Treasury, the War Office, the press and, in the end, the public, heaped on his shoulders blame for which all in one way or another were responsible.

Mr. Hibbert does not gloss over Raglan's own contribution to his destruction. The folly of his choice of Balaclava rather than Kamiesh as a British base, his excessive reserve, his imprecise orders, his misleading habit of making understatements, are all mentioned, and yet the stature of Raglan loses little in height. What the author has perhaps insufficiently considered is how far

this loftiness unfitted Raglan for supreme command. The army after forty years of stagnation did not want as generalissimo the grand gentleman, the amiable aristocrat, proud yet patient, detached yet kindhearted; nor the Whitehall warrior, conciliatory, urbane, non-committal, unwaveringly loyal to every subordinate. It required less of the gentleman and more of the cad—the man who to achieve results and ensure efficiency would be ruthless to the point of unfairness; who would storm and rant and bang the table, who would like Pelissier shout 'Let it be done, sir, within an hour, or look out!' Every day Raglan spent long hours at his desk, his calm but sad face bowed over reports and letters; but there was no fire in what he wrote, nothing to shock or shame or jolt the authorities at home into action. Even when two surgeons were found to be grossly negligent Raglan could not bring himself to mention them by name.

All this book is good, though the general reader will probably enjoy best the narrative portions. Of the great mass of authorities (many of them original) it may perhaps be said that Mr. Hibbert has used them more skilfully than critically. Soldiers' tales, even written with the smell of powder still in the nostrils, are notoriously unreliable; Kinglake can nod and Gowing's *Voice from the Ranks* fairly quaver.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

The Informed Heart. By Bruno Bettelheim.

Thames and Hudson. 35s.

Profoundly influenced by his observations when a prisoner in the Nazi concentration camps at Dachau and Buchenwald, by his experiences of psycho-analysis, by his studies of children living under conditions of security away from their parents, and by the personal effect of his own emigration from Europe to the United States, Professor Bettelheim has joined the ever-increasing ranks of those who view with concern the impact on personality of a mass society run on rigid technological lines; or, as some writers prefer to phrase it, the deleterious effect of an 'other-directed' life.

By far the most important section of this book consists of a psychological analysis of the extreme 'coercive' situations existing in concentration camps, the technique of traumatization, the varieties of regression and defence, the release of death impulses in the undefended, and the rationale of the whole system. This section alone would render his book obligatory reading for psychologists, social scientists, politicians, to say nothing of the thoughtful public. But Professor Bettelheim's ultimate concern is to apply his conclusions to the problem of man *vis-à-vis* the mass society. To withstand the deadening impact of mass society, a man's work must be 'permeated by his personality'; he must be able to make technology a servant rather than a master; he must be able to change himself to meet the new conditions and yet to lead the 'good life', which, one gathers, involves at the same time achieving a 'successful concordance of the opposing strivings' that motivate human conduct and 'modifying society into one that is truly human'. The 'good life' must, he main-

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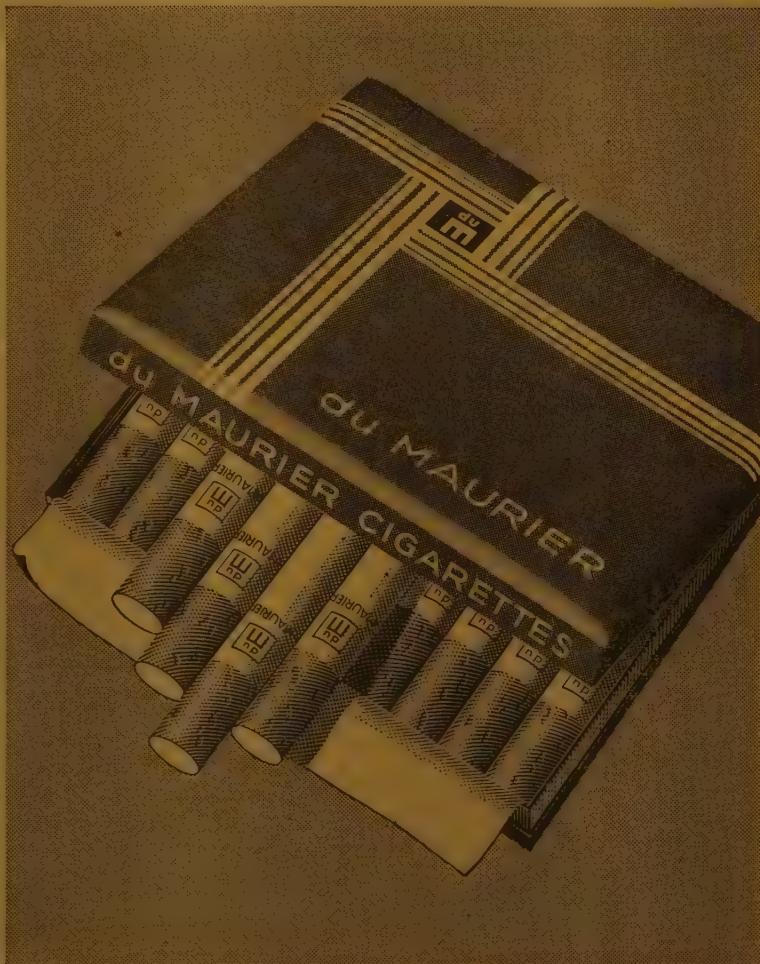
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tains, be based on the 'constructive, healing, personality-building propensities of work'. It is characterized by 'a higher state of integration' and this in turn involves the exercise of 'ego-autonomy' (in other words man's inner ability to govern himself) and of 'decision making', an activity that creates the strong ego, deepens man's sense of 'identity' and leads to increasing consciousness of freedom.

So impressed is Professor Bettelheim with the power of environment to turn personality upside down that he goes out of his way in the first part of his presentation to contrast the depth and rapidity of personality changes that can be wrought by 'extreme' environments with the slow and limited changes in character and conduct that can be effected by psycho-analysis. Psycho-analytic theory, he says, is inadequate for understanding the positive 'work' forces in life, and there is danger in the belief that the goal of self-realization or individuation can be achieved by ridding man of what ails him. But surely no informed psycho-analytical heart has denied either that harshness of external circumstance can produce regressions which may reach to the depths, or that psycho-analysis as a therapy has many limitations outside those clinical fields for the betterment of which it was first invented. Here Professor Bettelheim's early psycho-analytical optimisms seem to have confused him and his later corrections are largely of personal interest, scarcely germane to the main argument.

Although his book is rich in clinical aphorisms drawn at first-hand from a variety of sources, the author's social psychology sometimes strays in the direction of loose generalization. One suspects that the average man has more spontaneous (unconscious) defences against the force of circumstance than he is given credit for by Professor Bettelheim. Even so, it is not always very clear how ego-autonomy, to say nothing of decision-making, can be achieved mainly by a process of conscious stock-taking; for although Professor Bettelheim has a profound regard for the 'powerful social conditioning' that operates in psycho-analysis, he would seem to suggest that the concordance of antithetical tendencies which characterizes the informed heart is achieved through mechanisms other than those operating in the unconscious mind. Such at any rate is the impression this essentially optimistic book creates.

EDWARD GLOVER

Alexandria. A History and a Guide

By E. M. Forster. Mayflower Publishing Co., for Doubleday. 8s.

It was once said that if you stood long enough at Piccadilly Circus you would see everyone you had ever known. Paperback publishing is to books what Piccadilly is to people: we have only to wait, and old friends will recur, smartened up and (comparatively) cheap. Mr. Forster wrote his book on Alexandria, a labour of love and one of the rarest items in his bibliography, during the first world war, when stationed there as a Red Cross volunteer. It was published in 1922 by the local branch of a London printing firm (Messrs. Whitehead Morris); shortly after, nearly the whole edition was destroyed by fire. The revised edition (1938) is also rare. This reprint will therefore please collectors and admirers of the author, who has provided a new introduction.

There are two parts, history and guide, past and present, separate yet linked, as they are in the city itself. There is a sketch of its founder, Alexander the Great, and of its fortunes under the Ptolemies and Cleopatra. The literary sources quoted cover two and a quarter millennia and range from Theocritus to Cafavy. The chapters on the Christian and Arab periods include accounts of some of the complicated heresies the city has nourished. The touch is light; the prose conveys vividly the accumulated cosmopolitan charm of this last outpost of Mediterranean civilization, which not even the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have entirely eliminated, though Forster writes sadly of these later developments: ancient street names have been changed by misguided municipal authorities, and the library which was once the greatest in the whole world has long been surpassed by dozens further west.

Since this paperback is a reprint, not even of the second edition but of the first, the guide is no longer up to date. Forster records in his introduction that he himself got lost coming out of the station on a return visit: and that was soon after the book first appeared. So the guide itself passes into the history, what was the present becomes another chapter in the past, and only the city's incomparable climate, and its unique situation, between the desert and the sea, can be relied on to remain unchanged.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Zik. Selected Speeches of Nnamdi Azikiwe. Cambridge. 25s.

Tanganyika and International Trusteeship. By B. T. G. Chidzero. Oxford. 38s.

Of these two African writers one is a politician, the other a scholar. Dr. Azikiwe is the last of the West African 'big three' to produce a volume. Nkrumah wove documents and autobiography into a political history of Ghana. Awo gave us more personal experience and no full-length records of public utterances. Zik's book is a collection of speeches and extracts from speeches, prefaced with a two-page summary of his life, but otherwise without comment or explanation save for the headings indicating the occasion of the speeches. They are arranged by subject, so that one does not trace the development of a total personality or system of ideas through the book. But in many sections one can follow the modification of attitudes that goes with the change from opposition to power.

If Nigeria still has competing political parties, this is because those which have majority backing in the two southern Regions campaign for votes outside their home base. What some western democrats would regard as a healthy state of affairs has grown out of Awolowo's conviction that in a combined southern party Azikiwe would always insist on Ibo dominance. In the longest speech in his collection, a history of the Nigerian parties, Zik mentions, but does not elucidate, the incident which broke up their alliance; his addresses to the Ibo State Union, among his most eloquent, might be thought to lend colour to Awo's view.

Bernard Chidzero is one of the rare African scholars who have worked on the history of territories other than their own. His theme is the extent to which constitutional development in Tanganyika has been influenced by the existence of an international trusteeship agreement.

The great difference between the conceptions of the 'sacred trust' that were current after the first and the second world wars was that the later version was concerned above all else with the achievement of political independence. Whereas it could have been argued between the wars that the existence of the Mandates Commission made little practical difference to the territories subject to its scrutiny, Mr. Chidzero considers that pressure by the Trusteeship Council has been the crucial factor in Tanganyika's recent history. There may be other reasons why the Europeans in Tanganyika were less well placed for insisting on white supremacy than those in Kenya or the Rhodesias, and Mr. Chidzero's assumption that Britain and the Europeans are ranged together against the Africans and the Trusteeship Council may be a little too simple. But he shows how the Trusteeship Council has consistently thrown its weight against 'multi-racialism' and on the side of 'integration', and this cannot have been without effect.

LUCY MAIR

Change. Eight lectures on the *I Ching*. By Hellmut Wilhelm. Translated by Cary F. Baynes. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

These lectures were given in Peking in 1943 and printed there a year later. They were addressed by Hellmut Wilhelm, who is now a professor at Washington University, to a group of German friends. They were in the main a *résumé* of the teachings of the famous German scholar Richard Wilhelm, the father of Hellmut, whose translation of the *I Ching* is the one now most generally used.

The *I Ching* began life in the second millennium B.C. as a collection of peasant-lore (omens, proverbs, and so on). To these were later added phrases that made it usable, in the same way as Virgil and the Bible have been used, for purposes of divination. Part of the original adage often gave way to information about lucky or unlucky occasions. It was as though, in a book of ours, 'a red sky at morning' was followed by 'lucky for interviewing an important person' instead of continuing 'is the shepherd's warning'. Then at a later date the ancient parts of the text were reinterpreted in a philosophic sense and various appendices were added.

This book is not, however, concerned with what the *I Ching* developed out of, but with the cosmic philosophy read into it and its use as a book of divination. If one lights at random on a passage in Virgil one may of course get a line that gives one a clear hint about one's personal prospects. The future emperor Severus was lucky enough to hit on the line (*Aeneid VI*) 'Be mindful, man of Rome, to keep the peoples securely under your sway!' Anyone consulting the *I Ching* might, as I have said, get a line containing the words 'Lucky for interviewing an important person'; in which case, if he happened to know any important people, he knew just what to do. But in most cases drastic reinterpretation is necessary in order to get practical advice. Take the 'oracle' on page 103 of Professor Wilhelm's book: 'Deliver yourself from your great toe. Then the companion comes, and him you can trust.' This means, says the professor, 'the work of deliverance must be carried through on oneself, one must free oneself from the ties dictated by

custom', and so on. This interpretation, though traditional, seems to me quite crazy. As there is immediately afterwards a reference to shooting arrows and as 'thumb' not 'big-toe' is the explanation given to the word in question by the earliest commentary on the passage, we might venture to translate: 'Relax your thumb (on the bow-string). A friend (not an enemy) is coming'. This gives a good metaphorical instruction to relax unnecessary precautions.

Professor Wilhelm gives a full account of how to use the book for divination, whether by the use of fifty little divining-rods (my friends generally use matches) or by tossing pennies. But anyone wanting to divine in this way will of course have to use a complete translation of the text, such as Richard Wilhelm's, which (like the present book) was also translated by Cary Baynes. If however the diviner wants to be thoroughly up to date and if he can read Chinese, he will use Ts'ao Sheng's recent Marxist interpretation, which certainly rivals its predecessors in ingenuity.

ARTHUR WALEY

A History of India. By Michael Edwardes. Thames and Hudson. £2 5s.

The devolution of the former British *raj* in India upon two sovereign nations has had awkward semantic effects. Nevertheless it has liberated the historian—or so this new essay in the presentation of India 'from the earliest times to the present day' would suggest. Mr. Edwardes is the author of a number of books dealing with India and the East in the period of European impact, all written since 1947 when he first seriously applied himself to Oriental studies. This distinguishes him from even the most resolute revisionists among his seniors, including presumably the scholars now planning a new edition of the *Cambridge History of India*. Fascinated by the element of continuity in his theme, Mr. Edwardes is free to begin, as his predecessors were not: 'The history of India is fundamentally the history of the Hindu people'. The Muslims are invaders and dynasts, the 'synthesis' largely a matter of their assuming, for the maintenance of power, 'certain of the *mores* and ceremonial of the conquered'; and Pakistan itself enters the final pages only to be ejected, like Burma, by the logic of the new political pattern.

This is not, as it might seem, a disservice to Pakistan, which exists by renunciation of the larger identity and can find its own historical roots. But the method necessarily ignores the 40,000,000 Muslims of the new India, and with them the other vitally challenging problems of 'unity in diversity' which may concern future historians quite as much as the economics of development or the policies of the cold-war climate. With something of J. R. Green's objection to 'drum and trumpet history', but in a field far more extensive and complex, Mr. Edwardes has sought a method of including 'the people'. He has also quoted freely from selected sources. There are long extracts from early travellers, from Macaulay's epoch-making *Minute on Education* and Trevelyan's *Competition-Wallah*, with the result that Mr. Edwardes's own art is displayed as often as not in compression and omission. Though he seems at times over-anxious to correct the balance of 'British Period' historical writing, which

specialist studies have for a long time been steadily modifying, the detailed arguments which his judgment of individuals and events may raise do not invalidate the genuine freshness of his approach. He does not claim to have written a comprehensive history, but he has written a highly stimulating one. It is also well furnished with maps and correction-tables of various kinds for students who are startled out of chronology or orientation by the author's hawk-like stoops. The lavish section of illustrations (127 of them, and only one of them an 'event') has obviously been prepared with care and enthusiasm. But may a faint protest be raised against the current obsession with 'visual aids' for every matter of communication? If so, this is a case in point.

FRANCIS WATSON

Resistance, Rebellion and Death

By Albert Camus. Hamish Hamilton. 21s. *The Collected Fiction of Albert Camus.*

Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt

By John Cruickshank. Oxford. 9s.

Posterity's winnowing of the *oeuvre* from the personal legend has had to begin too soon. It seems likely that if Camus had been spared to write the novels of his maturity he would have been able to effect his own deposition from the role of secular prophet forced on him against his will. The strain of carrying this reputation was hard to bear. Should he speak, or should he remain silent? The conflict between commitment and non-commitment was fought out in anguish by this exemplary man who believed his vocation to be that of the artist. He was accused of phariseism and betrayal, particularly in his own country, because his ceaseless struggle for detachment was not understood as an artist's obstinacy in seeking the conditions where the work of art becomes a thing made and thrust out into autonomous existence.

A lecture delivered at Upsala in 1957 (included in this translated selection of essays and journalism called *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*) was his latest resolution of this problem; it was Camus's tragedy that he had not had time to embody this thinking in the work of art on which he had set his sights. His conviction was that at last he was ready to begin, and his close friends tell us that in the months before he was killed he seemed to have reached a personal *détente* for which all his work had been, in his own eyes at least, a preparation. His preface to the *Pléiade* edition of Roger Martin du Gard and the numerous invocations to Tolstoy in the later essays are an indication of what he was after. There seemed every prospect that Camus, accomplished artificer of moralities, allegories and parables, would one day compose the universal, Tolstoyan novel of character. From whom else in his generation could this have been hoped?

It is important that no more should be claimed for *The Outsider*, *The Plague* and *The Fall* than these fictions can bear. Camus himself, with his accurate modesty, thought of them as jobs he had done as well as he could, no more than that. To weigh a writer's achievement against his unfulfilled intentions is a legitimate approach to the judgment that must be passed when the work has been finally disengaged from what 'the age demanded'. Mr. Cruickshank's critical study (now reissued as a paper-back)

remains useful for its discussion of the inconsistencies of Camus's 'philosophy'—a necessary stage in eliminating the ephemeral. But neither Mr. Cruickshank nor any other commentator has questioned our common presupposition that the contemporary novel receives its highest sanction from 'the need', in Mr. John Bayley's recent phrase, 'to seize upon and identify the meaning of "our Time"'. This is now so accepted an orthodoxy that the modern novelist is tempted to define his purpose, not as the portrayal of character, but as the adumbration of a myth through which such a meaning may be disclosed.

The significance of Camus is that he was the progenitor of a myth—the myth of no-myth, or the Absurd—from which, if he was to develop as a novelist, he knew he must force an exit. *The Outsider* is the most perfectly adjusted of his fictions, but the only escape from its myth was the recovery of a moral centre to which the response, for the novelist, is the creation of characters. It is instructive to compare *The Fall* with James Hogg's *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. Both are concerned with a progressive corruption set in train by particular myths of their 'time'. But Hogg, because he was able to expose his myth as a deformation of truth (and thus a heresy) could appeal to objective moral judgments against which it was possible to create character—for a character comes into full existence when there is a centre to which it can advance, or from which it can retreat, by the free exercise of choice.

Camus, with no fixed centre of moral judgment (except the frail emotion of compassion for outraged man) could do no more than acquiesce in the guilt immanent in the myth, and record the determinist process in which the possibility of creating character is dissolved. For all the prodigious invention displayed in *The Fall* Camus cannot bring Jean-Baptiste Clamence into independent existence. This *vox clamantis in deserto* is the voice of Camus, and we needed to hear it. But the only way forward for Camus was to portray, as the mature Pasternak had done, a particular man in a novel where the self-important figure of 'our time' was relegated to its proper place in the supporting cast of the *comédie humaine*.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Great Britain and the United States

By A. E. Campbell. Longmans. 30s.

The episodes dealt with in this book are the Venezuelan crisis, the Hay-Paunceforte Canal Treaty, the Alaskan Boundary dispute, the British attitude to the Spanish-American war, and the evolution of the 'open door' policy in China. These are not incidents which normally rouse much interest outside the circle of professional diplomatic historians, and the British reader is apt to under-rate their significance, because he feels that Anglo-American relations ran a predestined course: that when the two countries diverged they were not likely to do so for long or with serious consequences and that when they converged they did so because of a natural affinity of temperament and purpose. It is precisely this assumption with which Mr. Campbell is concerned, for he shows it to have been a potent influence in persuading Great Britain to accept from the United States diplomatic defeats and diplomatic bad manners

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which she would have accepted from no one else.

Some part of the explanation for Great Britain's acquiescence and retreat can be found within the normal orbit of diplomatic calculation: strong though she was Great Britain could not welcome a further extension of her commitments, involvement on the American continent would have been particularly inconvenient, and Salisbury, with his finger on every European pulse, showed a surprising indifference to the rise of a new great power. Mr. Campbell argues however that these things were not enough to account for the reluctance to condemn and the haste to condone which characterized the British attitude towards the United States during these years. 'It was natural', he writes, paraphrasing from the many examples which he cites, 'to

regard the United States as another example, though perhaps a deviation from the classic pattern, of the British tendency to spread over the globe, something not to be opposed but to be applauded'. The sentiment found expression in Kipling's 'White Man's Burden' and in *The Spectator's* more sober statement that 'the "weary Titan" . . . needs an ally while traversing "the too vast orb of his fate", and the only ally whose aspirations, ideas, and language are like his own is the great American people'.

Mr. Campbell's skill in selecting his material makes one regret his neglect of American periodical literature (so often conceived in a very different mood). He gives perhaps too little weight to the argument that Great Britain's refusal to take offence could be explained by

the lack of any major clash of interest between the two countries, and he may underestimate the debt these racial arguments owed to romantic nationalism in order to stress their connexion with Darwinism. He could also make a few more concessions to the non-specialist reader who gets, for instance, no quotations from Hay's 'open door' Note but only a reference to works which he is not likely to find outside a large library. These are however matters for debate or minor criticism and do not detract from the value of a modest but thoughtful and thought-provoking book. It is an important addition to the growing literature on Anglo-American relations and one may hope that Mr. Campbell will pursue his inquiries through the later growing-pains of the great alliance.

W. R. BROCK

Recent American Poetry

Heart's Needle. By W. D. Snodgrass. Marvell Press. 12s. 6d.

39 Poems. By John Ciardi. Mark Paterson for Rutgers University Press. 21s.

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Selected Poems. By John Peale Bishop. With an introduction by Allen Tate. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

WHEN ONE SPEAKS OF modernity in verse one thinks of the great undertaking of the symbolist movement, that of making a whole new way of thinking out of poetry. But that movement having reached its end, one can see other kinds of modernity which have grown up under its shadow; and one of them, I think, is the poetry of self-scrutiny, the getting of one's familiar self and experience into verse with absolute accuracy. It's a development which has been encouraged by the novel—the nineteenth-century pioneer was the poet-novelist Hardy.

W. D. Snodgrass is saying something of this sort in the lecture 'Finding a Poem', published with his collection *Heart's Needle*:

It seems to me that the poets of our generation—those of us who have gone so far in criticism and analysis that we cannot ever turn back and be innocent again . . . —that our only hope as artists is to continually ask ourselves, 'Am I writing what I really think?'

He justifies it time and time again in his poems; they are a most distinguished little collection. In many ways he reminds me of Philip Larkin; he has the same power of disentangling a knot of feelings, of taking up a situation by the right thread—the same razor-sharp handling of common phrases. The sequence 'Heart's Needle' itself is a clear instance of the truth that poetry is not produced by simple feelings, but by the conflict of feelings; it is a supererogatory means of reconciling what can't be reconciled in its own terms. The poems are about regret for a loss (of a daughter, through a broken marriage) but a loss which the poet is willingly and deliberately inflicting on himself, and he sees this dilemma so clearly and steadily that whatever he touches—anecdotes, description, the most casual phrase—throws back an echo and reflection of it. The tight-verse-forms control a train of thought with all the twists and leaps of actuality. When he uses punning word-play it is to dramatize a natural leap of the mind as it would occur in the moment of feeling:

Assuredly your father's crimes
are visited
On you. You visit me sometimes.

The quickness and fertility of these poems, the ease and richness of their transitions, make them some of the most interesting to appear for years.

'Am I writing what I really think?' is a question which John Ciardi has less need to ask himself. He knows that what he has to offer is a self, a 'voice', a bared heart, and he offers it unreservedly. He has a thoroughly achieved and contemporary manner, but his aim is to be popular, he is determined to communicate a warm and strident humanism. He is thus a less dedicated artist than Snodgrass; yet, that said, he is a fine and rewarding poet. He gives a comic and genial note to a serious and impressive stoical humanism. For him aging and death are a return to the absurd, a reversion to the ape, and one of his best poems is about himself, a protesting animal in the throes of bowel-disease, 'part of a bedpan reading Robert Browning', charging his wife never to forget the days of his virility. He is fond of the blues note, that American nostalgia for 'the year of the longest Cadillac', the moment when one had it good; but his sense for human impermanence can also find the most moving and unironical expression, as in the fine lines of his parents' wedding photograph:

Oh man and woman tranced in your new flowers,
your eyes are deep as churches, but as far
as you look out unseeing, the years look in!

Richard Eberhart is another life-praising poet, of a more optimistic, Blakean kind—ebullient, emotional, immensely varied and ingenious. There can have been few poets with such verbal dexterity. He is one of the supreme exponents of twentieth-century word-play, the kind which works by defeating expectation. His verse often moves by a series of syntactical or logical short-circuitings. His is not the wholesale and systematic grammatical distortion of Dylan Thomas or the layered ambiguity of Empson, but a gentle and persistent sliding away from the anticipated grammatical or syntactical form, a hovering between a choice of grammatical relationships, a repeated change of step in the

march of sentences. He uses the style exquisitely and naturally, as for instance in 'Summer Landscape':

The pine with gray tips is moist still.
Peace pervades the scene. The standing pool
Has the green mantle, a spreading tone.
All the walks are full of time.

If, with all his gifts, Eberhart has been a disappointment, it is because he has always taken the easy way. He has profoundly felt things to say and a superb equipment to say them with, but he never seems to have brought the two into relation. He can spin a poem out of nothing and is perfectly happy to do so. His complexity is often not much more than high spirits; he knows that, when he wants to, he can pull any poem together by a few dazzling verbal inventions, and since his devotion is to God and not to art he has no shame in doing so.

The work of John Peale Bishop, though it has its admirers, among them Allen Tate who introduces his *Selected Poems*, has been neglected in America, and I think deservedly. It seems to me to fulfil all one's fears of what a self-consciously 'Southern' poetry might be—attitudinizing and empty and full of an unjustified assumption of aloofness and condescension. There seems, for instance, very little human feeling in his elegy for his friend Scott Fitzgerald; the poet, drawn up in an impressive posture, smoothly bombinating at the sea and himself, has the air of doing the dead man a favour. The same air of self-congratulation runs through 'No More the Senator', where it is history (the fall of Rome, symbolizing the decline of the American South) which provides the expensive backdrop. I forgive the poem, though, for one absolutely joyous piece of poetic non-meaning. The slaves, unlike himself (reflects the disinherited Roman senator), need not even try to comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity:

As well ask yellow trumpets to distinguish
The subtleties of one from another silence
When all they ask is they may blow again!

P. N. FURBANK

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Comforting Doctrine

IN CASE you didn't know it, our reactions to television programmes are mainly determined by the accumulated experiences of our lives stored in the unconscious memory. What we all thought of 'Free Will and the Unconscious', for example ('Lifeline', March 24), was conditioned by influences acquired years ago or even inherited.

This comforting doctrine relieves the critic of some of the sense of guilt that comes from dismissing in a line or two the months-long efforts of talented people. What follows here is the product not of my free will but of a complexity of values and impressions in my unconscious for which I can accept little responsibility.

While 'Free Will and the Unconscious', in which facets of this theory were illuminated, was fascinating to watch, it seemed to me to be another example of a programme not achieving what was claimed for it at the start. The ease with which the sub-conscious mind will accept instructions and shortly afterwards the conscious mind will carry them out was vividly demonstrated. What we lacked was an explanation of how the voice of a trusted doctor, whose identity is never in doubt to the hypnotised subject, giving directions to the subject's sub-conscious mind, can be equated with urges in the sub-conscious of a different origin. Without this explanation the moving display of the working of a girl's sub-conscious mind was little more than a party trick of an undoubtedly interesting but also not entirely unobjectionable kind.

The dancing and howling dervishes of Turkey rely on a form of self-induced hypnosis

to attain the trance in which they can (so they claim) commune with God. Alain Gheerbrant's film about them ('Travellers' Tales', March 24) was more than a pictorial record of a religious rite which, for all its seeming strangeness to us, is based on the same principle that Christ expounded when he said: '... Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of you'. It included a potted history of Turkey from ancient times, photography of a higher standard than we normally see in this series—and the unforgettable scenes of the dervishes at their unlawful devotions. Nothing else in the week's programmes came anywhere near it in its



'Dancing Dervishes' from a film shown in 'Travellers' Tales'



Miss Mary Belcher, winner of the 'Get Ahead' competition in 'On the Spot!', with the judges (left to right) Sir Miles Thomas, Lady Albermarle, Mr. J. G. W. Davies, Sir Frederic Hooper; standing, Peter West; extreme right, the chairman, Mr. William Hardcastle

power to compel our attention.

Not even the much-publicized 'Harvest of Shame' (March 21), whose transmission by the B.B.C. seems to have angered American farmers as much as did the original showing in America. I cannot understand why. Edward R. Murrow's report on the 3,000,000 migrant harvesters did not disclose any victimization of them by farmers, or anything other than an indifference which, though it may be uncharitable, is surely not, in the land of the free, intolerable.

Mr. Murrow, in his most solemn indicting mood, tried hard to impress us with the plight of the migrants. Their appearance, the children's particularly, belied his words. Compared with recent pictures of starving children in the Congo, they were well-fed and healthy. Com-



'Harvest of Shame': migrant farm-workers on a bus in Georgia

pared with that of European displaced persons who, sixteen years after the war, still live out their hopeless lives in refugee camps, the migrants' lot, including their freedom to move about their great country, is a happy one. Misery and poverty are relative terms.

Watching the final of the latest 'Get Ahead' competition ('On the Spot!', March 23) I could not understand how each of the four judges was able to deliver, and in one case to read, a carefully worded explanation of his allocation of marks so soon after the finalists had been interviewed. That seemed to me to suggest that the winner had in effect been decided on before the programme began.

Many viewers must have wondered, as I did, what rare disease Mr. Bill Duncalf had chosen for the last of his 'Your Life in their Hands' series, planned for this week. It was annoying that the B.B.C., announcing that this sixth instalment had been cancelled because a suitable example could not be found, did not tell us.

Another annoying omission was the failure of the commentators at the Grand National ('Grandstand', March 25) to tell us what was happening to the Russian horses. Only once during the race, and that near the start, was one of the Russian entries mentioned, yet there must have been many viewers who wanted to know how they were faring. The commentators' job, I appreciate, was to keep us informed about the leading horses but, with eyes to see, we could have dispensed with one of the repetitious roll-calls of their names in favour of a couple of sentences about the fate of the two visitors.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Freeing a Soul

I CLOSED MY ARTICLE last week by remarking that I had enjoyed John Mortimer's *The Wrong Side of the Park* on March 19. A moment's reflection tells me that this was probably my understatement of the week. In fact, I found that the play came absorbingly over in Stuart Burge's claustrophobically atmospheric production, with its emphasis on the important if ambiguous statement, with more force than the original stage production had.

The play seemed to benefit from the buttonholing concentration of the camera eye as it swung, beady, curious, implacable, from group to group, from point of view to point of view. Frequently television fights shy of staring face to face at emotion. Not unnaturally: there is a peculiarly haunting intimacy about the medium that daunts while it mesmerizes. Yet this drama about the itinerant miracle worker whose actions free a soul locked up in delusion for the greater rewards of reality, though gripping in its hold on the viewer, never once roused a feeling of antipathy, of despair. That evil cannot exist without good, that good can come from evil, are philosophical arguments worth expressing. Mr. Mortimer, moreover, was prepared to express them not in the flat dialogue of naturalistic drama but in a poetic intensity whose richness, allied to the sharp, often petulant wit, gave the play a superb strength.

Above all, this intensity added to the tension which the skilfully chosen and telling incidents and the minutiae of daily life wrought in the spectator, so that instinctive understanding for the poignancy of the dilemma and sympathy for a problem that is our problem overwhelmed us.

As the woman frustrated and idealizing a worthless first husband, Brenda Bruce brought her strong gift for the portrayal of controlled yet deeply felt and precisely expressed worry to a character whose muddled thinking never became absurd or improbable. As the embodiment of her unfulfilled desires and the catharsis whereby she accepts life on terms other than those of her own valuation, the part of Miller was acted by James Villiers quite admirably. Despite the fact that he was playing a character in itself shallow, though for the purposes of the play of ambiguous import, Mr. Villiers never once lost our interest—or our sympathy. Charles Heslop repeated his delightful cameo of the father, full of character, human and individual.

It is curious that an anecdote, in no way notable, should sometimes be dramatized so neatly that one enjoys it far more than its true quality merits. *Cottage for Sale* (March 24) by Vincent Tilsley had nothing to say on the subjects of loneliness, honesty, cupidity, virtue rewarded or love conquering all, and it said it most adeptly.

I assumed, rashly as it proved, that the plot was a simple uncomplicated one, and was therefore unprepared for the theatrical twist half way through. Christine Finn acted this scene of the unmasking of the golden-hearted mistress with telling realism.

A fault with the play was that its length of half an hour was too short even for this fairy tale to provide the eccentric house-seller with other than cursory mannerisms on which to create character. Mary Hinton, whose cigar-smoking itself was a suitable touch of hard egocentricity, managed to create an aura of temporary belief about the



The Wrong Side of the Park with Ann Lynn (front) as Barbara, Brenda Bruce as Elaine Lee, and James Villiers as Miller

part. The young couple were well enough played by Brian Peck and Jayne Muir who took over her part at short notice.

Fury in Petticoats (Sunday) depicted the effect of a savage upon a prim Victorian household. Charles Darwin, played with self-satisfied amusement by Peter Barkworth, brings to a clergyman's family a native girl in the hope that she will benefit from her environment.

Elaine Morgan's admitted starting point for the play was the remark made apropos the untutored native: 'Kindness is yet useless, I almost think'. Unhappily Miss Morgan was content for the better part of her play to treat the subject with light superficiality. It tended to become a farcical comedy of ill-manners. I could not take seriously the implied suggestion that it was in this brutally incomprehending way that Victorians attempted to civilize a wild



Scene from *Fury in Petticoats*, with (left to right) Peter Barkworth as Charles Darwin, Jennifer Daniel as Anne Dill, William Mervyn as the Rev. William Dill, Nora Swinburne as Mrs. Augusta Dill, and Maxine Holden as Fuegia Basket

creature. And should this line of criticism founder on the rocks of fact, I can only remark that if true to life it was false to drama. Theatrically it failed to persuade. Much of the fault, I think, was because what purported to be a colour problem was treated in terms of class distinction, while the unthinking cruelty was only brought to the fore at the end.

David J. Thomas's production served well enough, though it was hampered by a setting which only made use of the household's hallway. Nora Swinburne was suitably highly strung, as befits a Victorian wife confronted by an un-domesticated stranger. As the clergyman, William Mervyn combined patronage with charity in a well-balanced performance. Maxine Holden gave a full and uninhibited display in the part of the native girl.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Penitent Forms

PROPAGANDIST PLAYS orthodox in dogma have more success in confirming the convictions of believers than in converting the heathen. I have once seen members of an audience for Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight* go up on to the stage to join the actors on the penitent form, but that was in Cambridge and the sincerity of the sinners demonstrating audience participation was questionable.

The doctrines preached and demonstrated in *St. Joan of the Stockyards* by Bertolt Brecht (Third, March 21) struck me as familiar party-line Marxism of the Continental early nineteen-thirties, and I was doubtful whether they would change the lives of many Third Programme listeners. However, the play overran a little, and a nice innocent irony was supplied by the announcer's apology: 'We are sorry that listeners have been kept waiting for market trends'.

It was a massive play, fierce in conviction and daunting in the full blast of its rhetoric. The solitary questioning listener could not hope to feel its power completely, lacking the contagion of a sympathetic audience. It was after 1931 that politicians using radio learned that fireside talks carry more conviction than the oratory suitable to crowded halls. Nevertheless this first production in English of a bitter fable and ferocious diatribe against societies dominated by money manipulation was deeply impressive.

I found myself listening to it in much the same mood that one brings to opera, thinking less of the plausibility of plot or the purpose of the story than of the movement and development of themes set by contrived situations. In those terms it is an extraordinary achievement. The new translation by Charlotte and A. L. Lloyd was simple and natural in vocabulary, lucid in the subtleties of angry argument, and shameless in the rushing vigour of the many set pieces. Humphrey Seale's music, martial, ironic, and lyrical by turns, did more than supply atmosphere for melodrama. It helped the drive of H. B. Fortuin's production, and carried us over the many choruses of stockbrokers, packers, newsboys, and salvationists which are always stumbling blocks in this medium.

The variety of accents used by

the performers were disturbing at times in so general a fable it ought not to matter. Brecht used a strange orchestration of echoes in his plot, especially in the attack on 'charity' supported by uncharitable big business. References to the miracles and character of Joan of Arc, to the driving out of the money-changers from the Temple, and to iconography from other sources came through effectively at times though I suspect that I missed many of them, too.

Siobhan McKenna's Joan Dark was admirable whenever she had real character to represent, and her strength in maintaining intensity of feeling and a clear pattern of meaning over sermons or lamentations almost intolerable in length was beyond praise. Frank Pettingell struggled manfully with Pierpont Mauler, the Meat King, but his part of sentimental Mephistopheles was too monstrous to be made credible. The remarkable thing over all was that one accepted the conversion by cold and hunger of Joan to the doctrine of violence. And the bitter coda of her 'canonization' almost came off.

The direct passion of the Brecht play almost blotted out from my memory a good production of Shaw's *Major Barbara* (Third, March 17). There was, in fact, much in common in the thinking and even in some of the incidents of the two plays, but Shaw's comedy could be heard with patience by the unconverted and might well have slipped some disturbing ideas sideways into their minds. How much this 'sideways' technique of preaching was a conscious device is hard to guess. Without hammering his moral home, Shaw was plain-spoken enough in his equating of poverty with sin or crime. The ambiguity came in partly through the gaiety of his incidental farce and partly through his much repeated serio-comic respect for the superiority of determined unintellectual mother figures. There is also to be found in this play early evidence of his temperamental tendency to admire clever organizers who are ruthless and cynical in their enjoyment and use of power. Which was no joke at all.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Verdict of the Critic

IN THE CONSTANT search for original programmes, one is apt to take certain regular productions for granted; and hardy hebdomadals too often go unheeded. It is some time since I consulted the Sunday oracle; but 'The Critics' (Home Service, March 19) livened up the dominical tea very nicely. Sir John Summerson sounded regimental enough to get any troop of critics smartly through their paces and some of the comments were refreshingly outspoken. Barbara Bray discussed the New English Bible edition of 'Meeting Point' with the brisk competence I expected from a former B.B.C. producer. She made her technical points with good sense, her aesthetic points with feeling, and she carried her vitality and conviction into her comments on Victor Pasmore and John Whiting. David Sylvester was conspicuous for his tolerance. T. C. Worsley, making large claims for the literary merits of *The Devils*, was promptly confronted (and, I felt, confounded) by a verbose quotation from another critic on the panel which goes to show that even critics can possess presence of mind.

It is hard to decide if one listens to 'The Verdict of the Court' from a genuine interest in legal issues or just because crime and punishment, as the Mikado knew, have a horrid and perennial fascination. I took a busman's holiday to hear 'The Trial of Tony Mancini' (Home Service, March 16); and an absorbing hour it made. And on March 22 I heard 'Rex v. Casement', which must be among the most

sensational trials yet presented. Since the Black Diaries formed no part of the evidence at the trial, Mr. Montgomery Hyde simply dealt with them in an introduction to the programme, and Lord Birkett tactfully ignored them in his postscript; but after all the repeated questions in the Commons, and the final production of the diaries in the Public Record Office, was this highly debatable point too quickly dismissed? I wondered, too, whether Casement was not presented with too much sympathy. He came across as a Celtic Scarlet Pimpernel, an Irish Rupert of Hentzau with a gift for the spoken word that would have enthralled a Dublin pub or the Dail. In any case, there were some stylish performances, and another production on the credit side of Mr. Burroughs's weighty ledger.

From the 'A' to the 'U' certificate. It is becoming a platitude to praise the programmes on Children's Hour; but Claire Chovil's monthly notebook, 'Something about London' (Home Service, March 21) must be given honourable mention. Well, perhaps the chat on preparing to be a beautiful chef was a little too talking-to-children; but Hugh Ross Williamson gave a fine scale-model talk on the old Palace of Whitehall, and we paid lively visits to the Chelsea Pensioners and Sadler's Wells, listened to music, birdsong, and a chat on philately, and all this in the space of half an hour. Adults, please note: this programme is good value.

'The Wandering Albatross', celebrated by Coleridge and, more bitterly, by Baudelaire, was the subject of Margaret Lane's Tuesday Talk (Home Service, March 21). All the ingredients of a good talk were there: feeling, originality, the personal touch, and (most rare) a sense of style. It was nicely cadenced prose; it was also good spoken wordage. It was, in fact, a worthy addition to a series which is rapidly making a name for itself.

I have left the most impressive production this week to the last. The conversation piece is among the most obvious and the most inviting forms of feature programme. It is also among the most exigent; and to base it on fact, and particularly on memoirs, letters or journals, is a delicate matter. It is not merely a question of extracting the essence, it is a question of transforming the written into the spoken word, and of doing so with style and conviction. 'Don Juan in Cephalonia' (Third Programme, March 24) was a highly successful essay in the genre. Byron, on the eve of his death, on his way to Missolonghi, faced a Scottish doctor who tried to convert him to Christianity; and here was their conversation on sin and hell, on witches, miracles, and Lady Byron. Thanks to Dr. Kennedy's book and Mr. Ewens's editing, both doctor and poet revealed themselves slowly and surely: the doctor honest, earnest, fearless, free from cant and snobbery and Byron playing the misunderstood husband, the would-be believer, the dutiful aristocrat, the sensitive poet shocked to learn that his spiteful satires could sting. He played the parts to such purpose that we might have believed in them, had it not been for his comments when the door had shut on Kennedy. But the pay-off line restored the traditional picture of the caustic happy hypocrite. A first-rate radio conversation, and Mr. Ewens was handsomely served by John Laurie's Kennedy and Robert Eddison's poet.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Twentieth-Century Music

THE B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's public concert (the last but one of the present series), broadcast last week from the Royal Festival Hall (Third Programme, March 22), was entirely devoted to twentieth-

century music. As the conductor on this occasion was Hans Rosbaud, renowned for his championship of modern music and one of its most eloquent and authoritative interpreters, the B.B.C. had risen nobly to the occasion and provided him with a programme of exceptional interest, including the first performance in this country of one of Stravinsky's most recent works, *Movements* for piano and orchestra.

Following what has now become an accepted procedure in the case of short works of unusual complexity written in an advanced and, as it must seem to many listeners, a somewhat hermetic idiom, provision very sensibly was made for the work to be performed twice—once in the first, and again in the second half of the programme. The five movements which make up this piece were performed on this occasion in less than the ten minutes indicated in the score by the composer, yet did not sound in the least hurried. The musical thought in each movement is so highly compressed and elliptical that it is difficult to grasp, even at a second hearing; but the instrumental texture (only a small orchestra is employed) is infinitely subtle and characteristically Stravinskian. The composer himself has said that the movements are related 'more by tempo than by contrasts of timbre or "mood"', and that the rhythmic language is the most advanced he has so far employed. He also informs us that the work is of exceptional serial complexity, although that, I consider, is something with which the ordinary listener need not concern himself. The work, in its almost inhuman remoteness from any kind of ordinary aural experience, is certainly baffling and disconcerting; yet, as so often with Stravinsky, one feels that only a master could have composed it. The solo piano part was played most proficiently, as far as one could judge, by Alois Kontarsky.

But in spite of the novelty of the Stravinsky, the real high-lights of this broadcast, for me, were the *Six Pieces*, Op. 6, by Webern, of which Hans Rosbaud and the orchestra, playing at the top of their form, gave a wonderfully modulated and controlled performance, and the Schönberg *Violin Concerto* in which Tibor Varga performed prodigies in the fantastically difficult solo part. There was also first-rate orchestral playing in Hindemith's muscular and neo-classical *Concerto for Orchestra*, dating from 1925, but there seemed to be little more than some rather empty juggling with metrical patterns in Boris Blacher's *Orchester-Ornamenta*, with which the concert began. As a cross-section of twentieth-century music, however, the programme, though weighted rather heavily on the central European side, with the one exception of Stravinsky, was most impressive, and the standard of performance, under a remarkable conductor, unusually high.

I wish I could say the same of the B.B.C. Chorus's singing in Byrd's *Great Service* in the Thursday Invitation concert (Third Programme, March 23) and more especially in the Stravinsky *Mass* of which George Malcolm, who was conducting, gave a rather spineless rendering, making it sound luscious and baroque rather than austere and Byzantine. Beethoven's *Tres Equali* for four trombones are not often heard and made a nice contrast in sound, but it was Janet Craxton's oboe-playing in Britten's *Six Metamorphoses after Ovid*, that arrested one's attention more than anything else. Her firm, rich tone, sensitive phrasing, and effortless-sounding technique made her an ideal interpreter of these intriguing and ingeniously contrasted evocations of the various personages in Ovid's mythological portrait-gallery.

I listened, too, to Shura Cherkassky (Home Service, March 24) giving a most eloquent account of Chopin's F minor *Piano Concerto*, with the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra under its

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conductor George Hurst, broadcasting at a Sheffield Philharmonic Concert, from the City Hall, Sheffield.

In his second concert with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Third Programme, March 25), Hans Rosbaud conducted a lively and sensitive performance of Debussy's *Gigues* and *Iberia*,

from the orchestral suite *Images*, a miraculous score, glowing with colour and revealing a mastery of imaginative instrumentation and a feeling for sheer beauty of sound that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in modern music. The only contemporary piece in this programme was Henze's *Drei Dithyramben*, difficult to grasp at

a first hearing, which followed Mozart's *Flute Concerto*, beautifully played by Douglas Whitaker. The concert began with Ghedini's arrangement for full wind band of Giovanni Gabrieli's *Aria della battaglia*, fine, vigorous stuff in which the B.B.C. wind players distinguished themselves.

ROLLO H. MYERS



Fox into Lady

By RICHARD GORER

Janáček's opera 'The Cunning Little Vixen' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on April 7 (Third)

THE MOST LITERAL translation of *Příhody Lišky Bystroušky* would be 'The Adventures of the vixen with pointed ears', but the title is usually anglicized as *The Cunning Little Vixen*. Janáček started on its composition shortly after the completion of *Katya Kabanova* and was working on it from 1921 until 1923: the first performance took place at Brno in 1924. It is curious to reflect that at the time David Garnett was completing his *Lady into Fox*, Janáček was starting work on this opera, which might well have been called *Fox into Lady*.

The inspiration for the opera came indirectly from the drawings of Stanislav Lolka, who had been commissioned to do a kind of comic strip for the newspaper *Lidové Noviny*, which had already provided Janáček with the poems for the *Diary of one who vanished*. The writer Rudolf Těsnohlídek, who was on the staff, was instructed to provide a suitable text for the drawings, and the scheme, which was started to illustrate the life of a forester in an educative way, soon changed to the adventures of a vixen cub brought home by the forester. One day, to his alarm, Těsnohlídek received a summons from Janáček. He went unwillingly, but was immediately captivated by the composer's personality and agreed to write the libretto. This gave the framework for the most enchanting of Janáček's operas, but no one could claim that it was very lucid, nor easy to produce.

In 1923 Janáček wrote a letter to Max Brod about the opera*. It starts by recounting a local crime and says that when the criminal was released and returned to his village he was treated as though nothing had happened. 'This to me', he adds, 'was proof that the simple people do not consider evil as a lasting stain. For them it was, but is no more. The same may be said of my Bystrouška. She pilfered and killed, yet, in spite of it all, she is capable of generous feelings'. Janáček then outlines the plot and concludes 'and so good and evil make their round through life anew'. All of this could have been gathered from the libretto and does nothing to illuminate the obscurities.

One difficulty, which does not affect the listener but must concern the producer, is the passage of time throughout the opera. In the First Act the vixen is a cub, and sung by a child in the first scene—'a sunny summer afternoon'—while in the next scene 'Autumn', Bystrouška is apparently adolescent. In the course of this scene night falls and there is a superb orchestral nocturne, in the midst of which the vixen appears as a woman: when dawn breaks she has resumed her animal form. It is not made clear whether this passage from darkness to dawn is symbolic or actual; my personal feeling is that it symbolizes the passage from adolescence to womanhood and that more than a few hours are meant to elapse during the nocturne.

In the Second Act, the first scene must follow shortly after the close of Act I; the second scene must follow, one would think, reasonably

shortly, as the Forester is still annoyed at the vixen's escape; and the third scene, though the presence of sunflowers suggests late summer, follows directly on the second. The last scene (we are told) takes place in summer and is presumably the following year. In any case time moves rapidly in this scene: first a night elapses and then the vixen becomes pregnant in the course of a few bars. Logically we might conclude that about three weeks actually elapses in this scene while we watch. Logic, however, is not a technique to apply to this opera. We know that a long time must elapse between Acts II and III, because Bystrouška has reared so many cubs that she can no longer remember how many. The first scene takes place in 'Autumn' and the last scene is a replica of the first in Act I. In the central scene the characters complain of old age. Whether more than nine months elapse between the first and last scenes of this act is not clear nor, really, important.

In a way none of this is important, because of the fantastic world into which Janáček and Těsnohlídek lead us. Humans, animals, and insects are all on the stage together and on occasion exchange dialogue. It is somewhat like the world of Beatrix Potter, but by no means concentrating on the childlike. On the contrary the dialogue is often extremely adult and sex is referred to bluntly and frequently. This mixture of animals and humans does not make matters easier for the producer, and his difficulties are increased by the fact that the first scene of all is the hardest to produce and the least effective musically. This is principally a ballet of insects, with a blue dragon-fly as prima ballerina; there is also a cricket and a grasshopper with a comb and a small barrel-organ, and it is difficult to prevent the scene becoming 'twee' and starting the opera on the wrong note.

It might be helpful here to give an outline of the plot. In the first scene the Forester catches Bystrouška; in the second scene she is at his house, tormented by the children. After the nocturne she makes a revolutionary speech to the hens, who ignore her, contrives to kill the cock, and finally escapes. In the first scene of Act II she manages to occupy the badger's sett. In the second scene we are back among humanity in the local inn where the Forester plays cards with the Parson and the Schoolmaster. He twists the latter with his passion for Terynka and gets annoyed when asked about the vixen. In the next scene we return to the woods: the schoolmaster is walking home drunk and mistakes a sunflower for Terynka and pours out an impassioned plea, before falling down incapable: he is followed by the Parson reflecting on a youthful love affair. Both rush off when they hear the Forester shooting at the vixen. In the last scene Bystrouška is courted, made pregnant, and married.

The last act introduces a new character, the poacher Harašta, who is going to marry Terynka. The vixen arrives with her cubs and they succeed in stealing some chickens from

Harašta; he fires wildly and the vixen is killed. In the second scene we are back at the inn: the Parson has left, the Schoolmaster is sad at the marriage of Terynka, and the Forester is getting old. In the last scene, the Forester comes back to the forest and falls asleep: all the animals reappear, including a vixen cub like Bystrouška. As in the first scene the Forester is woken by a small frog jumping on his nose, but the latter quaveringly explains that he is not the same frog, which was his great-great-grandfather.

Out of this farrago Janáček composed music of such quality as to make this fantasy completely convincing. Moreover he even weighted the scales against himself by giving all the animals (except the Mosquito and the Badger) soprano voices. This is slightly disconcerting in the case of the Dog and the Cock and decidedly so in the case of the fox who marries Bystrouška. Janáček had a great love for all animals, wild or tame; an appreciation of the poetry that hides even in the most prosaic; and a mystical appreciation of the world of nature. These qualities released in him a flow of melody that is outstanding in his output. We may term Janáček a great melodist, inasmuch as his melodies are so individual that they at once proclaim the composer; but he was not, perhaps, very fluent. Even the great nocturne in Act I is seen, if analysed, to be no more than a sequence of very short melodies repeated in different keys against changing harmonies; though the immediate impression is of a combination of very long melodies.

Much of the music is written in three parts, two in the orchestra and one in the vocal line. Each orchestral part may have its own harmonies, thereby giving the typical Janáček 'chaos of sounds', while the vocal line, as always with the composer, follows the 'melodic curves of speech' and makes translation extremely difficult. *Leitmotive* are used rather more frequently than is customary, but they tend to be harmonic or rhythmic rather than melodic and are not easily perceived. The music is written with all the composer's terseness; not a note too few or too many, and the opera is very short and concentrated. No fewer than three folk-like ballads are included in the score. Over it all, for the only time in his output, plays the spirit of comedy. Comedy had made a brief appearance in *Jenůfa* and *Katya* and satire pervades *Mr. Brouček*, but this is its only extended appearance in the composer's work. Even the death of Bystrouška is treated as sad rather than tragic.

We can say that the opera is unique in the composer's output, but this is a remark that can be made with equal truth about any of his mature operas. What distinguishes *The Cunning Little Vixen* is the unusual melodiousness and the all-pervading comic spirit. Apart from some farcical episodes, it is, of course, a serious comedy and I feel that in this score we come closer to the composer's enigmatic personality than in any other single work.

* I am indebted to Leos Janáček: *Letters and Reminiscences* (English translation, Artia, Prague 1955) for this and other information.—R.G.

Annuals for the Garden

By F. H. STREETER

AS THIS IS a very early season, I suggest getting the ground ready for the annuals now. They are no trouble to grow, and are not particular as to soil. Some will even grow on gravel or sand but, like everything else, they thrive much better on well-cultivated soil and in positions selected according to whether they like the sun or shade. Some annuals are most useful for cleaning a piece of weedy ground or a new garden left rough by the builders. Once the seeds are sown, all one has to do is to thin the seedlings down and go over them for weeds until they have covered the ground. Should the birds love your seed beds and start dusting in them, place a few pea-boughs over the plots and let the plants come up through them. This saves staking.

An annual that does well if it is given plenty of room is *Aster sinensis*, the single aster, and it is grand for cutting. Then there are the annual chrysanthemums, which are generally sown far too thickly and left crowding one another out, with the result that they are seldom seen at their best. They make a beautiful show given a fair chance. They are

nothing like the other type of chrysanthemum; they grow about one to two feet high. There are Eastern Star, which has a deep-chocolate centre and primrose yellow petals, Southern Star, Morning Star, and Evening Star, which are all different, and one can grow a mixture of them. They make especially bright groups as well as being useful in the house.

Coreopsis is a dainty, daisy-like flower which



Coreopsis, Perry's variety, and (right) tricolour chrysanthemums

blooms all through the summer. Drummondia has large, golden-yellow flowers with chestnut-brown centres, and is about eighteen inches to two feet high. Cynoglossum Blue Gem, commonly known as hart's-tongue, is turquoise blue, rather like a miniature anchusa. It is free-flowering and covers a good space, with a height of up to two feet.

Should you need a covering plant for crazy paving, stone steps with open joints, or dry stone walls, sow some pink and white erinus alpinus. It is a perfect plant for naturalizing; it grows two inches high, and will solve your weed problem once the stones are clothed.

A plant for the front row of the annual border that always attracts praise is phacelia Blue Beauty. It grows a foot high and the flower is a deep, rich blue with a silvery centre and primrose anthers. Another annual for the front row of the border is the Swan River daisy, *Brachycome iberidifolia*, a mass of flower in white, blue, or purple. Sow the seeds sparsely, and thin out to six inches apart.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE MIDLANDS AREA of the inter-regional bridge competition (round one, heat two) was continued on March 26, when Mr. E. White and Mr. H. N. D. Bailey of Derbyshire met Mr. P. F. L. Tottenham and Mr. E. Jamieson of Staffordshire. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Jamieson did well to spot a far from obvious solution to the playing problem.

WEST	EAST
♦ 7 5 2	♦ K Q J 8 6 3
♥ A 9 5	♥ K J
♦ K 10 6 2	♦ A Q 3
♣ J 9 4	♣ A K

West to play in Six No Trumps against the opening lead of the four of diamonds.

Mr. Tottenham and Mr. White both played a small diamond from the dummy, anxious to profit to the full from what seemed a favourable lead. Too late they realized that four diamond tricks would not help unless the spade suit could be brought in for the loss of one trick only—and if the spade suit could be handled successfully, three diamond tricks would suffice.

If South were to hold all four outstanding spades the contract would fail anyway. If North held them all it would be necessary to lead twice towards the Q J 8 in order to finesse against the 10 9 x, and entries to the West hand were therefore the prime consideration.

A low diamond from the dummy at the first trick would prove disastrous if South held the

Jack, for West would then have to waste one of only two entries before he had tested the spade suit. The winning play therefore is to take the first diamond with the ace and play the king of spades. If North turns up with all four spades there will still be two entries in the West hand so that they can be picked up.

Derbyshire took a lead of three points in the second part of the competition and the issue was still very much alive when the teams had to bid these hands.

East dealer; Love all:

WEST	EAST
♦ J 10	♦ A K 9 3
♥ K 7 4 3	♥ A Q 9 8 5 2
♦ A 6 5 3 2	♦ K
♣ A 9	♣ 8 7

The optimum contract, Seven Hearts, was to score ten points, and Six Hearts, six. Derbyshire scored the lesser award with the following auction:

WEST	EAST
(Mr. White)	(Mr. Bailey)
—	1 H
2 D	3 H
4 N.T.	5 H
6 H	No Bid

Staffordshire therefore required to bid a grand slam in order to win the contest, and they seemed to be well on the way in the early part of their auction:

WEST	EAST
(Mr. Tottenham)	(Mr. Jamieson)
—	1 H
3 D	3 H
4 H	4 S
5 C	6 H
No Bid	

After his partner's forcing response East was perhaps a little unenterprising. Either a good diamond suit or the absence of three losing spades in his partner's hand was likely to make the grand slam certain.

The hand was played in a recent match between British and Italian teams and was bid to the grand slam at both tables. The sequence of the British pair, Reese and Schapiro, introduced an interesting new bidding feature.

WEST	EAST
—	1 H
4 C	4 S
4 N.T. (Culb)	7 H
No Bid	

The immediate response of Four Clubs to an opening bid of either One Heart or One Spade is a conventional way of showing a raise to game that is based on high cards as much as distribution. West's subsequent 4 N.T. showed two aces and the king of hearts, relieving his partner of all doubt concerning the grand slam.

—Network Three

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Flavouring with Nutmeg

NUTMEG IS PROBABLY most commonly known now as a flavouring for farinaceous and milk puddings, where it parts a delicate aromatic sweetness to them, but it has many other uses and is widely employed in the French kitchen. The flavour of white cream soups is enhanced when a pinch of nutmeg is grated over them just before serving. A good grating over fish before it is baked is well worth trying. Stuffings for either chicken or meat, especially when one is going to serve them cold, are improved with a good pinch of nutmeg allied with chopped parsley and chives.

The addition of a grating of nutmeg on tea—particularly china tea (without milk, of course)—is a pleasant subtlety and is most refreshing. At my home in Scotland we always used to keep whole nutmeg in the tea-caddies to impart an additional flavour to the tea.

Use nutmeg as an attribute to many vegetables: creamed or soufflé potatoes, creamed spinach, Brussels sprouts, baked onions in their jackets. Asparagus is especially good when served with melted butter, hard-boiled eggs, and grated nutmeg. Always use freshly ground nutmeg in preference to the ready ground, for this can never approach the freshly ground for sheer sweetness, and always exercise restraint when adding spices to a dish, as they tend to build up cooking and emerge stronger than when put in. One need not be too afraid of overdoing it.

with nutmeg, however, as the strength of the nutmeg is spent in developing the flavour of the other herbs with which it is mixed.

MICHAEL FINLAYSON
'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

A Dish from Switzerland

To prepare veal and calf's liver in the Swiss way for four people you will need:

1 lb. of calf's liver	1 glass of white wine
1 lb. of veal	1/2 pint of cream
1 lb. of mushrooms	pinch of flour
2 onions or shallots	2 lb. of potatoes
5 oz. of butter	salt and pepper

Parboil the potatoes and then cut them into thin slices. Melt 3 oz. of butter in a pan and add the sliced potatoes. Sprinkle them with salt and stir carefully so as not to mash them. Add a few drops of water at the edge of the pan; cover with a lid and leave to cook over a gentle heat.

Cut the veal and liver into small pieces and slice the mushrooms. Season the meat with salt and pepper. Chop the onions very finely. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a pan and sauté the onions in it. Add the veal, mushrooms, and liver, and a sprinkling of flour. Allow to cook through, stirring from time to time. When it is done, turn out into a warmed dish.

To prepare the sauce, pour 1 glass of white wine into the pan; add half a pint of cream, and a little pepper. Return the meat mixture to the pan. Mix it all together and allow it to heat

through. Put it back into the dish and turn out the potatoes into another warmed dish.

—'Continental Cookery' (B.B.C. Television)

Notes on Contributors

KLAUS MEHNERT (page 551): an editor of *Christ und Welt*; foreign affairs broadcaster for *Suddeutscher Rundfunk*; author of *Weltrevolution durch Weltgeschichte. Die Geschichtslehre des Stalinismus*, etc.

WILLIAM TAYLOR (page 554): Senior Lecturer in Education, St. Luke's College, Exeter

JAMES KIRKUP (page 559): playwright and poet; Professor of English, Tohoku University, Sendai, Japan, 1958-61; author of *The Cosmic Shape*, *The Prodigal Son*, etc.

JOHN BOARDMAN (page 562): Reader in Classical Archaeology, Oxford University; translator of *Crete and Mycenae* by Spyridon Marinatos

M. I. FINLEY (page 562): Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University; author of *The World of Odysseus*, etc.

HUGH LLOYD-JONES (page 562): Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford University; editor of *Menander: Dyscolus*

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER (page 562): Secretary of the British Academy; Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces, London University, 1948-55; author of *Early India and Pakistan to Ashoka*, etc.

NIKO TINBERGEN (page 569): left Holland more than ten years ago to settle in Britain; Lecturer in Animal Behaviour, Oxford University; author of *Social Behaviour in Animals, Curious Naturalists*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,609.

Wheels Within—XIII. By Trochos

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Outer circle (clockwise): quotation from a work of verse. Third circle (anti-clockwise, starting under 47): title of the work (three words). The letters of the second circle com-

prise: WE'D HOPE OF A KNAVE OR LIAR. R.I.P. Clues are from works of verse. Answers (five letters each) are mixed, except 14, 26, and 44. 11 is a possessive.

CLUES

- I'm not at the bottom, I'm not at the top; So this is the — Where I always Stop
- each Muse, in LEO'S golden days, Starts from her trance, and — her wither'd bays
- And a glory that shines upon our —
- He to the commons' feet presents A kingdom for his first year's —
- Let spades be —! she said, and — they were (but not softly)
- But will ye dare to follow, If — clears the way?
- The dull tribunes, That, with the — plebeians, hate thine honours
- Do you think I can listen all day to such —? Be off!
- Tossing their — in sprightly dance
- I know the wood which — the daffodil, I know the Fyfield tree
- To high-born — harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay
- We'll quickly — Duke Humphrey from his seat
- Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Knell for the —
- It is a creature That — on Cassio
- Telling tales, and beating —, and bringing weary thoughts to me
- Shall fold their —, like the Arabs
- before the faery broods Drove nymph and — from the prosperous woods
- Never hear the sweet music of speech, I — at the sound of my own —
- on her roses, roses
- the strokes, essays the tricks, Long learnt on Hellespont
- And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and —
- He — his quiver, bow and arrows, His mother's doves
- Satan . . . stood, Like Teneriff or —, unremoved
- Soft lustre bathes the range of urns On every —ing terrace-lawn
- a many — mirror, Which could distort to many a shape of error
- Lands he could measure, terms and — presage
- Or taint-worm to the weanling — that graze
- the great god Pan, Down in the — by the river
- By thy wild and stormy —, Elsinore!
- A flock of — that leisurely pass by
- The Jumbies came in a —, they did
- This be the — you grave for me: Here he lies where he long'd to be
- creatures do people harm, The mole, and —, and newt, and viper (plural)
- this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the — of a' the town
- some look'd o'er the bow; Some —ed out the boats flowers . . . Dreaming of — that drink them under the moon
- what gave rise To no little surprise, Nobody seem'd one penny the —
- What matters where we fall to fill the maws Of —
- those took them — The long brook . . . In cataract after cataract
- To grasp this — Scheme of Things entire
- Souls of — dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known
- vile it were For some three suns to — and heard myself
- When lovely woman —s to folly
- forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny — of greenery
- The rank is but the guinea's —, The man's the gowd for a' that
- And gleaming and —ing and streaming and beaming
- Down came the —, and smote amain The vessel in its strength

Solution of No. 1,607



NOTES

- braes: Burns: 'To Pastoral Poetry'; 20. speck: Tennyson: cccxxxv; 28. sears: Lamb: 'Infant Dying'; 33. seyst: Chaucer: 'Wife of Bath'; 36. tymes: Chaucer: 'Shipman's Tale'; 44. Yeats: Hassall: 'Crisis' xix.

- 1st prize: A. J. C. Saunders (Sanderstead); 2nd prize: Mrs. D. M. Lee (Wigan); 3rd prize: L. T. Whitaker (Bournemouth)

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